

THE SOUTH POND TALE OF TERROR

What Might Be Done In Its Vicinity

CONTRASTED WITH THE AC- TUAL CONDITIONS

Chance For a Display Of Practical Public Spirit

NATURAL BEAUTY SPOT WHICH HAS BE- COME AN EYESORE

What might be one of the most beautiful spots in Portsmouth is one of the most unsightly. In the vicinity of the South Pond, we have an ideal location for a park system, one not excelled anywhere. Instead of realizing our opportunities, we have permitted the shores of the pond to be used for the dumping of waste material of every variety. A natural beauty spot has been allowed to become an eyesore.

It is idle to say that nothing can be done. It is useless to say that the possibilities of Langdon Park cannot be developed, that the Marginal road shore cannot be beautified and that the city dump cannot be abolished. All these things can be done and at no great cost.

Long ago, The Herald urged Portsmouth people to reclaim the South Pond and its shores. Plans were at that time drawn and the project was favorably discussed, only to be dropped and forgotten. The Herald, however, is not content. It is not satisfied to allow what amounts to a reproach upon the city to stand without vigorous protest. In common with all good citizens, it hopes for the early creation of a park and playground in the vicinity of the South Pond.

The financial condition of the city, of course, will not permit a municipal appropriation for the work. The expense can, nevertheless, be defrayed by private contributions and there are undoubtedly many who would be glad to aid it. It is the intention of The Herald to very soon give them. Contributions will be called for and those who wish to help this worthy project will be given a chance to do so.

The work might be done under the direction of the Portsmouth Improvement Association or a committee of leading citizens. This is immaterial, so long as it is done. The city dump has been condemned in unmeasured terms. That the South Pond and its shores have been so neglected has been mourned for years. Let us now do something besides talk. Let us prove that we are public spirited, that we really are inspired by civic pride and that we are willing to undertake and carry through a great public work.

AT THE ROCKINGHAM

Banquet Of Phi Epsilon Sigma Society Held Last Evening

The members of the Phi Epsilon Sigma society of Phillips-Exeter Academy enjoyed a banquet at The Rockingham on Friday evening.

The following menu was enjoyed, served in the usual Rockingham style:

Little Neck Clams
Clear Green Turtle
Queen Olives Radishes
Broiled Bluefish, maitre de hotel
Iced Cucumbers
Julienne Potatoes
Roast Young Capon, Giblet Sauce
New Potatoes New Butter Beans
Lobster Patties, a la Reine
Compote of Fruit, a la Conde
Punch Romanine
Tomatoes Mayonnaise
Fruit Jolly Assorted Cake
Frozen Nesselrode Pudding
Crackers and Cheese
Coffee

Told by Aged San Francisco Resident

LETTER RECEIVED HERE FROM MRS. JAMES NEALL

Who Has Lived In California City Almost Since 1849

HORROR OF DAYS OF EARTHQUAKE AND UNQUENCHABLE FIRE

The following letter is from Mrs. James Neall, who has resided in San Francisco almost ever since 1849. It was written to her niece, Mrs. Charles Tredick of this city and as a personal experience told to a near and dear friend it will come as a home letter to many readers. Mrs. Neall is eighty-seven years of age, but her writing indicates that she does not yet grow old. The letter is dated May 14, and of course the rapidly occurring events of San Francisco since that period have changed the circumstances under which it was written.

Our mode of housekeeping for a week or two, without either fire or water, was, and still is, anything but comfortable. Those who can build little kitchens and cook out of doors on the front pavements, get along very well. The smoke of the stove pipes does not scare away anybody; and the water is turned on and on the sly. A good many are using small kerosene stoves and can make coffee and tea; and when the wash houses go on we will be a little better for a few clean clothes.

As yet the plaster gapes at us through the broken walls, and the great broken apertures drop their fragments on the floors and leave their white powder all over the places they have broken through—so that there doesn't seem any place to be; and the broken china and crockery and deconstructed gas fixtures are sad reminders to those whose houses stand delapidated and denuded of their tawdry (I was going to say remains). But the water and light and public buildings and rail tracks must come first. Several of the latter are running their cars already, but are crowded far beyond their capacity. You can have no idea of the discomfort, and those who have a shelter over their heads are thankful that they can share with the homeless their shabby dwellings. But it is hard; and there is very little money in circulation to remedy matters until the banks and savings funds are open. Food is to be given out a week longer, and work is already attainable for mechanics and others. Insurance offices are beginning to open, but it will take many months to right matters. The aftermath of an earthquake is far from the restoration of a ruined city; and those who have seen the desolation are stunned with the Hades it presents.

I am not able to get down where the fiercest fire raged and can only mourn with the majority, many of whom are virtually paupers. The public buildings seem to be getting most of the public donations so grandly offered by sympathizing countries the world over; but there are sore and broken hearts, widows' tears, childless parents and stricken husbands and wives, who will never cease to weep over the ruins of San Francisco and regard "earthquake and fire" as the culminating act of the pride of the Pacific, and wish they had never seen the famed Golden Gate. I am one, dear A., pined so long from my dear ones, and I cannot throw off as can some of the younger people the terrible throes we have gone through. It has left such a sense of apprehension, that fear seems to be paramount, and the slight convulsions we occasionally have bring back all too vividly the emotions of that early dawn with the dread clashing of the internal forces

of the solid earth.

There is no description of it that can be portrayed by words. Fright in its most exaggerated sense cannot express the sensation which within a few moments startled men and women, scantily clothed, into the middle of the highways for safety, with blanched faces and terror-stricken cries. And then the appalling fire! and no water to quench it, seeming to leap from block to block, like some fiendish demon with awful roar and devouring heat, and people in most closely populated streets fleeing from lordly mansions and leaving all behind them, glad to escape with life only. As the night comes on the lurid blaze, growing fiercer, lights up the scene as with hell-fire, and destruction stalks abroad leaving hot ashes, vanished homes and often crushed human lives under its awful footsteps. "Hell-fire" is the only expression that can convey an idea of the impetus of leveled mansions, shaken by the earthquake, wrenched to nothingness by the awful fury of the blasting rolls of fire, which were the winding sheets of the lordly mansion and the pitiful hovel alike—the beautiful palaces of art, shriveled and overturned and their residents finding shelter on earthen couches anywhere that they could obtain a temporary resting place. Some fled to the Presidio; some fell by the roadside and were caught to rise no more; huge buildings crushed to cinders. The confusion and terror were indescribable, and when the soldiers were called out to blow up the residences the detonations added their terrible voices to the horror, and the flames went around and up towards our own homes.

Anywhere—anywhere—out of the danger and pouring into the vast grounds of the Presidio—lord and lady, servant and master, rich and poor, woman and child—thronged; while the Chinese quarter caught the hundreds of Italians, the negroes, the Mexicans.

We found shelter at the Presidio, and a small tent with five in it—(thanking God to have a bed even on the ground).

YOUTH PAID DEARLY

For Ride Stolen On Top of Freight Car

STRUCK OVERHEAD BRIDGE AND WAS BADLY INJURED

Shortly after the departure of the Pullman train on Friday evening, Officers Seymour and McCaffery found a young man near the freight house on Deer street in a very bad condition.

He was cut about the head and face, was completely covered with blood and apparently hurt internally.

The young man gave his name as James Joyal and said he came from Somersworth.

From his story, it appears that he got on top of a box car of west-bound freight, No. 218, at Conway Junction and while there was struck by an overhead bridge, probably at Kittery Junction, as the freight must have been moving slowly at the time of the accident or he would have been killed instantly.

The blow rendered him unconscious and he remained so until the train came to a stop in the freight yard, when he revived. He crawled down from the car, but found he was too weak to walk, complaining much of difficulty in breathing.

He was taken to the Cottage Hospital where Dr. Berry found an examination an injury to the shoulder and several cuts and bruises.

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY AT THE NORTH CHURCH

At the morning service at the North Church on Sunday the order of worship will be appropriate to children's Sunday. The service will include the christening of several children, and the presentation of Bibles to a group of graduates from the primary department of the Sunday school. The annual offering will be made for missionary school work. The parents and friends of the children are especially invited to be present.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

BETTER DAYS COMING IN THE NEAR FUTURE

The Possibilities of Badger's Island Are Very Great

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 9.
It really seems as if better days were in store for the old town of Kittery, as well as for Portsmouth. Portsmouth people are rejoicing over the establishment of a mammoth paper mill and a foundry, while the advent of the Atlantic Shore line is to give the Maine town a new lease of life.

If Badger's Island can be made the terminus of a steamship line, surely some enterprising person should see the unexcelled qualities of the rest of that island for establishing a trans-continental railway terminus, a Standard oil distributing station or something equally important.

Perhaps, after Henderson's Point is removed, some of these dreams may be realized; still it seems rather queer that with the river tugs taking 5000-ton vessels around that point with no danger at all that so much fuss should have been made over it.

The following program will be given at the strawberry festival of the ladies of the Second Methodist Church on Monday evening:

Selection, Chorus.
Vocal solo, W. Long
Reading, Mrs. Mary W. Fernald
Violin solo, Mrs. Rudolph
Selection, Mixed Quartet
Reading, Mrs. Fernald
Vocal solo, Charles Philbrick
Selection, Chorus

Miss Allie Locke of Jacksonville, Fla., arrived here on Thursday to pass the Summer.

Carpenter N. H. Jenkins, U. S. N., retired, has returned from a visit of a few days to Boston.

A regular meeting of York Rebeccah Lodge will be held this evening.

A regular meeting of the Sons of Veterans auxiliary was held on Friday evening.

A regular meeting of Dirigo Encampment was held on Friday evening.

The Kittery and Rochester baseball teams will meet on Kittery field this afternoon.

J. Langdon Ward and family of New York arrived today at their cottage at The Intervene for the Summer.

The Triad Academy second baseball team met the York High School team on the Kittery grounds this morning.

Ho! Champernowne, Horace Mitchell, proprietor, will open on Thursday, June 14.

The lecture on the development of the telephone at Grange Hall on Thursday evening was largely attended and very instructive.

Services at the Second Methodist Church on Sunday will be as follows: Subject for morning sermon by Rev. Sylvester Hooper, "The Great and the Small." It being Children's day, the young folks will be prominent in both song and recitation, in which "Crossing the Bar" will be given. Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six p. m.; concert at seven, to which all are cordially invited to bring the children.

Services at the Second Christian Church on Sunday will be as follows: At 10.30, a sermon appropriate for home missions. The offering for that purpose will be received during the day. Sessions of the Bible school and Barnea and Philathea classes at 11.50; Christian Endeavor at six p. m.; at seven, annual

Children's day concert of the Bible school in charge of the young ladies of the Philathea class. All are cordially welcomed.

Ice cream and cake will be served after the initiation at the meeting of York Rebeccah Lodge this evening.

Kittery Point

Harold Walker has arrived to pass the Summer vacation from his studies at New Hampshire College with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker.

Miss Mary K. Gates of Massillon, O., arrived on Friday for a visit to Miss A. E. Harvey at her cottage on Gerrish Island.

Mrs. Frank Pote, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Nellie Billings, has returned to her home in Portland.

William Smart of Portsmouth is the guest of his son, George E. Smart, and Mrs. Smart.

Jesse Tobey and his daughter, Miss Nellie Tobey, passed Friday in Rockport, Mass., where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Ann Frisbee, Mr. Tobey's sister, a former resident of this town.

John M. Howells, who has been passing a few weeks at the cottage of his father, William Dean Howells, has returned to New York to resume his duties with the firm of Howells and Stokes, architects, of which he is senior member.

Rev. and Mrs. S. D. Church are attending a quarterly conference at Springvale, Me.

Rev. Edward H. Macy of the Second Christian Church at Kittery will occupy the pulpit of the Freewill Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon.

Hiram Thomson has secured the services of Miss Nellie Tobey as an assistant in the postoffice for the coming season.

The tides drain out unusually far at present.

Mrs. Henry Colby, who has suffered a long and serious illness, is now able to be out each day.

ENGINE DISABLED

Fast Gasoline Yacht Needle Puts in for Repairs

The gasoline yacht Needle, on her maiden trip from Lawley's yard, at East Boston to the Summer home of her owner at Northeast Harbor, Me., put into the lower harbor on Friday evening with her engine in a badly disabled condition, so that extensive repairs will be necessary before she can proceed.

The yacht is owned by Ernest B. Dane of Brookline, Mass., and is a very speedy one.

MEMORIAL SERVICE JUNE 24

The memorial service of Constitution Circle, Companions of the Forest, will be held on Sunday, June 24. The companies will be assisted by Squamscott Circle of Exeter in the ceremonies.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor June 8

Arrived

Schooner Annie and Reuben, Robbins, Stonington, Me., for New York, with stone.
Schooner E. T. Hamor, Brown, Boston for Portland.
Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Saco, towing two brick laden barges for Boston.

Cleared

Barge Kimberton, Philadelphia. Wind southeast, cloudy.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Baltimore, June 8—Sailed, schooner Horace A. Stone, Trask, Portsmouth.
Cbatnam, June 8—Passed, schooner Charles A. Campbell, Pierce, Newport News for Portsmouth.

CELEBRATED AT THE KEAR- SARGE

Capt. John White Attains Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

Capt. John White, one of Portsmouth's most popular aged citizens, a native of New Castle, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary on Friday, giving a dinner to several of his friends at The Kear-sarge.

It was a very enjoyable occasion for all present.

Geo. B. French Co WHITE

Is the favorite and its popularity increases as the warmer days come on == This established popularity hold sway in our store == Counters, shelves and show windows are teeming with WHITE.

THE REQUISITES FOR GRADUATION DAY ARE HERE.

WHITE NECKWEAR is remarkably abundant in our variety—Tailored Stocks in many styles at 25c and at 50c. Maline Neck Ruffs, dainty in effect, pure white, \$2.50. These also in black and gray, very stylish. \$2.50.

WHITE AGAIN—See our Bridge Jackets, where artistic designing of lace creates perfect adornment, \$3.00 and \$3.50, and are foremost leaders of fashionable wear.

WHITE HOSIERY—Predominance here quite as remarkable—Special lots of either Plain or Lace Hosiery at 25c. Lisle Hosiery in white, the assortment showing both Plain or Lace. 50c. In fine White Mercerized Hosiery, very elaborate lace woven, 75c.

VALENCIENNES AND MECHLIN LACES for the almost numberless uses of proper dress wear are having the call. These you should see, as many patterns are exclusively select and prices have a wide range.

WHITE CHEMISSETTE SETS of Batiste, Lawn and Muslin, 25c and 50c. Very choice Sets showing beautiful Laces and finest Embroideries, the Cuffs matching. Per Set 50c to \$2.75.

WHITE FANS—Early orders for styles of special adaptation for Graduation Day were given. Our White Fans were never more beautiful and our assortment shows prices at 98c, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and up to \$5.00.

WHITE PARASOLS must not be overlooked—We have some extra values in Children's Parasols at 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

OUR STORE TEEMING WITH DISPLAY OF WHITE.

MAX SHINBURN

Petition Filed With Court In This City

IS PECULIAR AND INTEREST- ING DOCUMENT

Allegation Made That Constitutions Has Been Violated

CLAIMS COUNSEL CONDUCTED CASE CON- TRARY TO HIS INSTRUCTION

Max Shinburn, the notorious burglar who has a reputation all over the world and whose crimes entailed the loss of millions of dollars by banks and individuals, is still fighting for liberty. He is confined at the Concord state prison on an old charge of having robbed the Walpole bank forty years ago, but insists that he is not Shinburn but Henry Moebus. Shinburn escaped from the state prison soon after being placed there in 1866 and when brought back to serve the old sentence was found doing time in one of the New York institutions.

The petition for a writ of habeas corpus which he has just filed with the United States circuit court in that city is the second proceeding of the kind which he had taken within the past two years. The first petition was denied. The present petition, which was perhaps prepared by the prisoner himself, shows that he is well educated. It is addressed to the judges of the United States court for the district of New Hampshire, and is a lengthy and interesting document. In it Moebus, as he styles himself, claims that he is a citizen of the state of New York and requests the court to grant the writ of habeas corpus and to consider the question of the legality of his commitment to the New Hampshire prison. He then goes on to recite that he was extradited from the state of New York on the 8th day of November, 1900, on a requisition issued by the governor of New Hampshire, wherein the charge was made against him of having committed the crime of breaking prison in the county of Merrimack on the third day of December, 1866. He asserts that he was brought to New Hampshire and confined to the state prison without having been given a hearing or an opportunity to make a defense. This procedure, he says, is in plain violation of the constitution of the United States and contrary to the various decisions handed down by the federal supreme court in cases of extradition between the states, which decisions impose the obligation on the extraditing state to give a hearing or trial in cases similar to his own before punishment can be legally inflicted. He also says that in view of the fact that the allegation of breaking prison in 1866 and being a fugitive from justice have not been proven against him by any legal evidence he has brought the habeas corpus petition for the purpose of obtaining his discharge from custody on the question of law involved in his commitment to the state prison in November, 1900.

Moebus, or Shinburn, makes the remarkable allegation that his counsel conducted his former case contrary to his instruction and that he the prisoner, withdrew the petition in order to protect his interests. He goes on to say in his petition:

"Under the apprehension that you honor might possibly not be inclined to take jurisdiction, I beg to state:

"(a) That between the period of time of my arrival in the state of New Hampshire in charge of the extraditing officer, and the time of my confinement in the state prison, I was forcibly prevented from having an opportunity of applying to the federal court for a writ of habeas corpus by the warden of the state prison. Mr. Charles E. Cox, who awaited my arrival at the Concord railroad depot, and as soon as I left the train in charge of the extraditing officer Mr. Cox took charge of me by laying forcible hands upon my person, and, conducting me to a carriage he held in waiting, brought me against my will, to the state prison and caused me to be locked up without having even given me a hearing and without any legal commitment and without even requiring of me a statement of my name.

"(b) On the 3d day of October 1905, I filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, wherein I prayed the court to consider solely the ques-

tions of law involved in my case, was dismissed by the supreme court of the state of New Hampshire on the ground that under the law of 1901 the court had no jurisdiction over questions of law in my case, and on the further ground that I refuse to litigate certain questions of alleged and assumed facts which I claim have, as yet, not been legally charged against me in the state of New Hampshire, and that I cannot legally be deprived of my liberty for refusing to voluntarily go into court for the purpose of disproving allegations that have not previously been laid to my charge.

"If the allegation that one Mark Shinburn had broken from the New Hampshire state prison in 1866 is true, then it should have been proved by legal evidence before my commitment to the state prison; and now I refuse to take part in any proceeding that would afford the state the opportunity to prove the breaking of the state prison in 1866, and then lay the fact to my charge, because such a proceeding might prejudice my future claim of damages for false imprisonment, and for the additional reason that it lies within the power of the state to put me on my trial before a jury where all the facts involved in my case would come up for consideration, and that this habeas corpus action has for object to force such a trial.

"(d) In respect to the habeas corpus action inaugurated on my behalf in your honor's court about a year ago, I beg to state that my counsel conducted my case contrary to my instructions, wherefore I was compelled in my own interest, to withdraw my petition.

"Wherefore I humbly pray your honor to consider favorably this, my sworn to petition and to cite the warden of the state prison, Mr. Scott, to produce my body before your honor, and to order my discharge."

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Indiana, Pa., June 8.—Shortly after daylight today a body of striking miners headed by a brass band marched from Anita mines in Jefferson county to the village of Ernest to receive one of the mine officials expected from Punxsutawney. On the way to the station the marchers encountered a detail of 12 members of the state constabulary. As they passed a member of the band fired his revolver at the troops. No one was struck, but the constabulary immediately retaliated with a volley from their carbines. When the smoke cleared eight strikers were lying on the ground and the others fled precipitately down the hill. Two were killed and six badly wounded. All is now quiet and no more trouble at this time is apprehended.

Washington, June 8.—In order that as many officers as possible may be present for duty at the maneuvers camps of instruction which it is proposed to establish during the summer, leaves of absence will not be granted to officers of the army between July 1 and Sept. 30 next, except for urgent reasons specially set forth in the application.

New Haven, Conn., June 8.—Several of the Knights of Columbus who attended the national convention here this week left for their homes today, although many of them remained over for the exemplification of the fourth degree which will take place in Music Hall at 1.30 o'clock this afternoon. This evening there was a full dress parade of all fourth degree members and the busy week of the Knights ended with a banquet at the Pequot House in Morris Cove. The morning was taken up in sight seeing.

Lewiston, Me., June 8.—President Gompers of the National Federation of Labor, who created a sensation by an attack upon Congressman Charles F. Littlefield of this district at the annual meeting of the Maine State Federation of Labor last night, left on his home in Washington today. He announced his intention to come to Maine during the election campaign this fall and take the stump for Daniel J. McGillicuddy, who was nominated at the Democratic congressional convention yesterday. The regular business was taken up at today's sessions of the federation, including reports of the unions and plans for extension of work.

Carman, N. H., June 8.—The married body of James E. Hunter, a former employee in Moebus steam mill, was found beside the tracks of the Boston and Maine railroad a short distance below this village today. It is thought that he lay down on the track and was struck by the midnight express. He was about thirty-five years of age and leaves a widow.

Washington, June 8.—The president today signed the deatured alcohol bill.

Washington, June 8.—In reply to an inquiry from Representative Hinshaw of Nebraska, Representative Mann of Illinois has made an emphatic statement to the house that so far as he knew it was the intention of the house to consider and pass a pure food bill and he had no doubt it would become a law at this session.

Fitchburg, Mass., June 8.—Former Congressman F. Coolidge died at his home here today at the age of 61 years from pneumonia. He represented the old eleventh Congressional district from 1891 to 1893 and had served in the state legislature. A widow, son and daughter survive.

Anaconda, Mont., June 8.—One of the most serious accidents in the history of coal mining in Montana has occurred in the mines of the Northern Pacific at Rocky Park, near Red Lodge, Carbon county. Eight men are dead, all victims of the white lung that filled the corridors of the mine after the fire which started on Wednesday. Their bodies have been recovered, but the story of the work of rescue parties is a tale of bravery and heroic self-sacrifice.

PROBATE COURT

The following business was transacted at Tuesday's session of probate court held in Derry in addition to that already reported:

Wills Proved.—O. David W. Morgan, Exeter; Rosalie F. Morgan executrix; James R. Connell, Portsmouth, Annie J. Connell, executrix.

Wills Filed.—Of George A. Wentworth, Exeter; Eliza J. Burdick Derry.

Administration Granted.—In estate of Isabella Elia, Londonderry; David W. Elia, administrator.

Accounts Settled.—In estates of Peter French, Kingston; Elizabeth H. Jaques, North Hampton.

Accounts Filed.—In estates of Mary O. Long, Exeter; Mary McDonald Exeter, with private claim; Jeremiah C. Ordway, Plaistow; Lucinda Cutler, Londonderry; James W. Moulton, Exeter.

Inventories Approved.—In estate of Jane Booker, South Hampton; John A. Morrison, Raymond.

Receipts Filed.—In estates of Elizabeth H. Jaques, North Hampton; Caverly Knowles, Northwood; Thomas P. Lake, Hampstead; Luther M. Wason, Raymond; Andrew J. Beck Portsmouth; Martha J. Cochran Windham.

License Returned.—For sale of real property, estate of John J. Burger Derry.

Filed.—Petitions for license to sell real property, estate of Abram F. Brown, Fremont; for adoption of Mary G. Sweeney, Portsmouth; for administration, estate of Lucretia R. Whittemore, Portsmouth.

Notice Filed.—By commissioner, estate of Charles H. Smith, Newmarket.

Guardians Appointed.—Frederick E. Woodbury over Blanche Woodbury Salem; Henry Noyes over Lavina J. Noyes, Hampstead.

Probate court will be held in Exeter next Tuesday.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

Do you wish to make a thirty day trip to California, through the Yellowstone Park, including all expenses? The party is personally conducted. The rate \$285.00 from Boston; corresponding rates from your station. If you don't want the whole trip, write what you do want, and we will fit it out for you. Geo. L. Williams, N. E. A., C. M. & St. P. Rwy., 36 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate of local interest in the county of Rockingham for the week ending June 6, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Kingston—Mary J. Donahue, Kingston, to Charles E. Osgood land and buildings, \$1.

New Castle—Alice D. Ball to William D. Turner, Brookline, Mass., land, \$1.

Newmarket—Charles P. Haines to Herbert R. Haines, land and buildings, \$1.

Portsmouth—Portsmouth Savings bank to George W. Ham, land on Abidden street, \$50; Frank Fuller New York, et als. to Arthur R. Wentzell, New York, et als., rights in premises 18 and 20 Bow street, \$250.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES ELECTED

The board of trustees of the State Odd Fellows' Home in Concord has elected the following officers: John A. Glidden, Dover, pres; Charles E. Palmer, Concord, vice pres and manager; Frank A. Rawson, Newport, clerk; Henry A. Farrington, Manchester, treas.

NO MAN STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body." He continues, "so we may be said to live by (and he might well have said through) the stomach." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. He says the function of digestion in its several stages is to prepare the food in form which is suitable to be added to the structure, meaning the structure of our bodies. He continues, "every physical action from simple breathing, thinking and circulating of the blood to the most active bodily exertion wears out portions of the structure (of our bodies) and they become dead and so require to be taken away speedily. Much of the food which we take, and especially when unwholesome or in excess, adds to the waste material, and when it has undergone chemical changes it is still more mischievous." Then he goes on to the effect that the nervous system prompts every part of the circulating system. He says "it gives its message every moment to the infinite number of glands and follicles to unload their secret or waste material so that the current of blood may carry it away."

"When these two processes of nutrition and excretion are thus carried on with equal assiduity we are in health, but when this equilibrium does not exist there comes disorder and disease. The common form of such derangement is indigestion or dyspepsia. The function of nutrition is interrupted and all the operations which depend upon it go wrong. Under these conditions it has a way of appearing in other types of disorder. Many of these of the organism are likely to be involved, and we may find consumption, kidney complaint, hepatic (liver) disorders, hysteria and even mental alienation (derangement)." He says "it may be observed that deranged persons have a was-be-gone expression, offensive breath, irregular action of the bowels, hallucinations and other like conditions of dyspepsia."

The foregoing is no doubt a rational view of the sad havoc worked in the human system by indigestion and dyspepsia, torpid liver and kindred derangements, which are generally associated with or followed by many other diseases of diverse appearance, but all depending upon the weak and disordered stomach. Cure the stomach weakness and you cure all these diseases and derangements.

For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The Golden Seed root, Stone root, Mandrake root, and Black Cherry bark are all recommended by such eminent authorities as Dr. Bartholow of Jefferson Medical College; Prof. John King, author of the "AMERICAN DISPENSARY"; Prof. John M. Scudder, late of Cincinnati; Dr. William Paine, author of Paine's Epitome of

Medicine, Dr. Hobart A. Hare, of the University of Pa.; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Medical Dept., University of N. Y.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica in the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, and many others, as remedies for indigestion and dyspepsia, torpid liver as well as for bronchial, throat and lung affections, as will be seen from reading a little booklet recently compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who will send the same on request, by postal card or letter, to any address, free. This little booklet tells of what Dr. Pierce's celebrated medicines are made, and gives the properties and uses of each and every ingredient entering into their composition. Write Doctor Pierce, as above and receive it by return post.

Queen's root, or Silingia, is an ingredient entering into the "Golden Medical Discovery" highly recommended by several of the above mentioned authorities for the cure of chronic or lingering bronchial, throat and lung affections, public speaker's sore throat attended with hoarseness, dry, rasping cough and kindred affections. Not only is Queen's root specific in its curative action in all these affections, but in "Golden Medical Discovery" it is greatly assisted by the combination with it of Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark and Bloodroot, with which it is blended in just the right proportion. Pure, triple refined glycerine also greatly enhances the effectiveness of all these agents in the cure of chronic and lingering coughs, being a valuable demulcent, also antiseptic, and a nutritive of great value, especially useful in all wasting diseases, as in incipient consumption and other scrofulous affections. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy in all catarrhal affections, whether affecting the nasal passages, the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs and the reason why will be learned by reading the little booklet noted above. Send for it now.

In chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, it is important that while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" as the most effective constitutional treatment for this terribly distressing and most obstinate affection that the nasal passages should be cleansed two or three times a day by the free use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, used according to the directions which accompany the same.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation of the bowels, loss of appetite, coated tongue, sour stomach, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Persons subject to any of these troubles should never be without a vial of the "Pleasant Pellets" at hand. Put up in glass vials, tightly corked, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pleasant Pellet" is a laxative, two are cathartic. They regulate, invigorate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English, or Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, the cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound ten stamps more, 31 in all. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LAWN MOWERS

Grass Seed, Wheelbarrows.

A. P. Wendell & Co.
2 Market Street.

For ten years we have been engaged in the MONUMENTAL, GRANITE and MARBLE Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns.

Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here, that we have at our other shops by the same business principles viz:—

HIGH GRADE WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices for delivery before Memorial Day.
FRED C. SWALLEY, MARBLE AND GRANITE DEALER,
Successor to Thos. G. Lester, No. 2 Water St

Our Line For Spring

Includes A Fine Assortment Of
Foreign and Domestic
Suits
in Plain and Fancy
in all the
Leading Shades
Clays and Domestic Serges,
Unfinished Worsted,
Cheviot, Vestings in
Wool and Silk
Cotton and Linen Duck.

MILITARY AND NAVAL TAILORING
CHARLES J. WOOD.
5 Pleasant Street.

FOR ME!

FRANK JONES

Portsmouth, N. H.

ALES

The Kind That They Try to Imitate—But Always Fail

For Fifty Years No Competitor
Has Been Able to Put An
Article Out to Compete With Our

Lively Ale

It Has That Creamy Look—It
Reaches The Spot.

THE ALE

That Never Fails to Satisfy

If Your Dealer Doesn't Have It, Write

THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO.
Portsmouth, N. H.

Free Trial Residence Telephones

The TELEPHONE Runs Your Errands.
The TELEPHONE Saves Your Carfare.
The TELEPHONE Does Your Shopping.
The TELEPHONE Calls the Doctor.
The TELEPHONE Calls the Police.
The TELEPHONE Calls the Firemen.

For Particulars of Free Trial Offer,
Call Manager,

Portsmouth Exchange,
New England
Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Free Trial Residence Telephones

COMMERCIAL CLUB WHISKY.

A Pure Beverage, Especially Adapted For
Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS
Thomas Loughlin Islington Street
AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

THE WIDOW SPOILED IT.

Pensioner of Marshall Field Who Was Persuaded to Ask for a Raise.

Among the charities of the late Marshall Field was a pension list of persons to whom a stated sum was sent regularly each month. With this he was generous, but he disliked being imposed upon. One man, who had in some way impressed Mr. Field with his deserts, had a check cash 30 days for \$25, relates Youth's Companion.

He had gone far from Mr. Field's memory, but remained on the list. His pension made him quite "an eligible party" in the circle in which he lived, and at last he yielded to the blandishments of his landlady, an elderly, prosperous widow, and married her.

"Now, Henry," she said to him next day, "we'll just be having your pay raised. You can't keep two as easily as you can one. Mr. Field is a rich man, and he will understand that. You go down and tell him you need \$50 a month now."

Away went Henry, and after much argument and persuasion obtained access to the inner office of the great merchant, where he stated his case. Mr. Field became interested at once.

"A widow, eh?" he inquired, smiling. "Did she ask you—or you her?" "Well, sir," stammered Henry, "I guess she did lead up to it."

"How old is she?"

"About 40, sir."

"Did she support herself?"

"Yes, sir. She has a big boarding house. I boarded with her. I do yet, in fact."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Field. "So you want a raise, do you? Let me see—how much was your pension? Twenty-five dollars? Well, you won't have to pay any board now, so suppose we make it \$12.50? That will keep you in spending money."

TÜRK'S CRUELTY TO HORSES

Prefecture of the Ottoman Capital Will Take Steps to Restrict It.

A laudable decision has been arrived at by the prefecture of the Ottoman capital, with the view of protecting horses from misuse and ill-treatment, says the Constantinople correspondent of the London Lancet. The Turks are, on the whole, very kind to animals, and shield them from injury by every possible means. At almost every Turkish house in Stamboul there is to be found a small receptacle where water is poured in every day for the use of the innumerable street dogs. A Musuman, building his dwelling place, rarely forgets to attach some contrivance for sheltering birds, pigeons, sparrows, etc.

I am assured that a cabman who overruns a dog, heedlessly enjoying its dolce far niente in the middle of the street, has to pay a fine of several piastres, while the sultan is believed to spend a large sum on the feeding of the numerous canine scavengers around his kiosks and palaces. There are, however, a good many employers of horse labor who use their animals in a cruel or thoughtless manner.

To prevent this the employment of gentle, debilitated or diseased horses has been forbidden. Municipal agents will have difficulty in Constantinople in insuring that the measure is strictly adhered to—that the load never exceeds the amount proportionate to the horse's strength, and so on—but, anyhow, the spirit which has influenced the new enactment is laudable.

WANTED MINOR DETAILS.

The Audience Was Sympathetic and Interrogated the Able Lecturer.

The lecturer was talking on the "Influence of Surroundings."

"There was an Englishman," he said, "who went to Australia and sought his fortune in the bush. He was quite alone and yet every night before he ate his frugal meal he put on evening clothes so that he would remember he was a gentleman."

"One moment," said a thin youth in the back part of the room. "I would like to ask if the gentleman were a dinner coat with conventional swallowtails?"

Before the startled lecturer could reply another questioner faced him. "Kindly let us know," said this new seeker for information, "if the Englishman wore a black or white tie?"

The lecturer gasped.

"Another thing," said a third questioner, "did the gentleman affect any jewelry, and if so, were his shirt studs pearls or roman gold?"

Then a fourth man arose.

"Were his patent leathers laced or buttoned?" he shouted.

The fourth man was thrust aside by the fifth.

"Were his cuffs round-cornered, and did he wear a crush hat?" he belated.

"And spats?" screeched the sixth man.

And in the confusion which followed this last query the lecturer took his hat and fled.

Frenchman's Queer Steed.

It is reported from Paris that an ingenious inhabitant of Monthuon, in France, has tamed a wild horse, which he cingit young in the forest, and now drives it in a small gig on "boar chaise," with intense gratification and enjoyment. The animal between shafts is said to appear more eccentric than stylish.

A Difference.

What constitutes a good dog in a show is vastly different from that which makes a good dog in the house.

FLOWERS FED ON DRUGS.

Medical Potions Administered to Plants to Force Their Growth.

Experiments in the horticultural department of Cornell university are said to have demonstrated the fact that plants can be forced to grow with the aid of drugs, and can be made to mature in far less time than it takes to develop naturally, says the Indianapolis State. The plants are fed on ether or other medical potion for 24 or 36 hours, until they are thoroughly permeated with the fumes. Then they grow with the greatest rapidity. Easter lilies treated thus have put out magnificent blooms in a night, and narcissus flowers have doubled their size after a few hours treatment.

Could anything be more dreadful? Could there be any more effective way of destroying the sentiment that belongs to flowers? As it is now, the forcing process of the hothouse, which increases the size of blossoms, but adds correspondingly to the natural fragility, and in many cases lessens their original fragrance, takes something from the spiritual charm that belongs by right to those "stars that in earth's firmament do shine," and that everyone feels in some measure.

"Flowers are words that even a child may understand," says a poet; and George Eliot asks: "Is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centers of deep color?" Flowers have a language of love and hope and cheer; they "preach to us if we will hear."

COLLEGE YELLS EMBALMED

Canned "Rah-Rahs" Would Be a Great Treat a Few Centuries Hence.

Some thoughtful Austrian has induced the Imperial Academy of Sciences of that empire to secure phonographic records of the numerous languages and dialects of Austria-Hungary, these records to be canned and sealed, as it were, for the enlightenment and delectation of future generations. The idea was so good that the academy has seen fit to extend it. Examples of languages and music have been secured in New Guinea and in certain sections of India. A party of scientists equipped for this research was sent to Australia last summer and another party is to start for Greenland at an early date. All these records are transferred to special archive phonographs and carefully stored away.

While the field for this form of collecting is widening, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, it might be pertinently suggested that the American college yells should be included in these interesting archives. To some people the vigorous "rah-rah" and other exuberant syllables in use by the young collegians would prove fully as interesting as the heathenish gutters and tomtomings of the New Guinea savages, or the Sanskrit chants of the Hindustanese. So let the addition be made as complete as possible, with due cognizance of the "Hoo-rah ki-rah!" of our own Case school and the "O Sketle!" of our Western Reserve.

OLD-TIME PIANO PLAYING.

Not Much Like the Pace That Is Set by the Players of To-Day.

In these infant days of the twentieth century the pianist stands next to the singer among the princes of the musical world, writes W. J. Henderson, in the Atlantic. But it was not always so. The singer was the first to mount the public throne and reign with the specter of sweetened sound. Next came the violinist, and after him the virtuosi of wind instruments. Early concert programmes show the names of singers, but not of manipulators of the keyboard.

The concert pianist of to-day, sweeping the keyboard of his grand and the heart strings of his hearers with sinewy hands, emerged slowly from the humble state of a poor dependent, reaping with anxious offerings to the loor of his princely patron. It was not till almost the middle of the eighteenth century that the performance of solo feats on the harpsichord began to attract public attention and to form the substance of concerts.

Women Grape Pickers.

The women of the grape pickers are picturesque in California. There is just a dash of Indian to give color to the cheek, a touch of Spanish, and just a suspicion of the old blood that built the wonderful cities ages ago in lower Mexico, making a combination attractive to the lover of the picturesque. Dark hair, flashing black eyes, intelligent faces, perfect courtesy, intelligence that but needs suggestion to lead to higher grades. Indeed, one could not look at these pickers, these sholas, as the tenderfoot called them, picking grapes to see that it required but clothes and environment to make a remarkable change.—Charles Frederick Holder, in the Outlook Magazine.

Will Carry 4,150 Passengers.

The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria has a length of over 700 feet and is 78 feet beam. She will carry 550 passengers in first class, 350 in second class, 300 in third class, and 2,300 in her steerage, so that with her crew of 650 officers and men she will have room for 4,150 souls. Her cargo holds will have a capacity of 16,000 tons of freight.

Too Often Succeeds.

The more desperate, abandoned and notorious the criminal the harder his lawyer always works to turn him loose on society again.—Chicago Tribune.

DOGS TROUBLES RAILROAD.

Like Woolly West, Escapes from Car and Avoids Capture for Long Time.

One bow-legged pup, with a lengthy pedigree and an adventurous spirit, has been the cause of more gray hairs to the baggage men, telegraph operators and station masters of the Union Pacific during the last three weeks than have ever been caused by their reflections upon past sins. The animal in question is a \$1,000 prize Boston terrier, owned by Lynn Sutton of Seattle.

Some three weeks ago he was placed in charge of Bob Schmalling, train baggage master, and started on his way to the coast. Being from Boston, his Barkleys was intensely interested in everything which smacked of the wild and woolly west, and when the train stopped at Cheyenne he surveyed the town through the door of the car with every expression of animated pleasure. "How refreshingly picturesque," said he to himself. "There is nothing in Schopenhauer at all like it. Were it not for these like-some londs I really believe a tour of exploration would be productive of both pleasure and profit."

Thus cogitating, he hastily chewed at the rope which bound him until it separated and gave him his liberty, whereupon he eluded the baggage man and joyfully departed to make his acquaintance with the life of the frontier. That started the trouble and the wires have been hot ever since.

"Buildog billed to Seattle got loose at Cheyenne," wired Schmalling to Denver.

"Catch buildog billed to Seattle," wired the local agent to the station master at Cheyenne.

"Buildog billed to Seattle declines to be caught," was the reply.

"Where is my buildog that was shipped from Denver four days ago?" wired Mr. Sutton from Seattle to his friend, George Ady, local passenger agent of the Union Pacific.

"Buildog liked Cheyenne and got off there. Will try to convince him Seattle is a better town. Have patience," replied Mr. Ady.

At intervals the station master at Cheyenne reported by wire: "Have caught buildog," only to follow it a few hours later with "Buildog chewed his rope and got away again," until the local baggage agent began to lose weight and talk in his sleep.

Finally, in an unwary moment, the cause of all the trouble, allowed himself to be captured, fastened with a heavy piece of telephone wire and shipped back to Denver. Here he arrived and was rebuffed through to his master, dirty, thin and tired, but still enthusiastic over the west.

FREE COFFEE FOR THE MEN

Railway Employees of Baden Served with Hot Drink by the Companies.

During the last summer and winter the officials of the Baden railroads inaugurated the practice of serving hot coffee to their employees at the expense of the management of the railroads or at the expense of the government. The experiment has been attended with gratifying results. The consumption of alcoholic drinks has materially decreased as a result of the practice and the efficiency of the workmen has increased. It has been observed that the employees have performed their various duties more cheerfully and have been more faithful in the discharge of the same.

This has been especially noticeable among the workmen in the various freight departments. The powers of endurance notably increased. There were also fewer accidents to the employees, as they had better command of their faculties. In consequence of the beneficial results from the experiment the railroad officials have decided to serve hot nonalcoholic drinks to the employees on all the Baden railroads during the present winter.

The practice of serving hot coffee, tea and meat broth to the employees on the Prussian railroads has been in practice for some time in the freight department, especially where the men are obliged to make long runs. On some lines hot and cold drinks are sold to employees at the reasonable price of two pennings (one-half cent) per portion of coffee or tea or for a bottle of mineral water. On some of the lines in Germany the employees have been forbidden to take any alcoholic drinks while on duty.

In consequence of the increased number of English and French speaking tourists the railway employees in Bavaria, such as station masters, ticket collectors, guards and porters, are obliged to learn English and French in order to facilitate travel during the tourist season. Scholarships are to be given to those who make the most progress and the successful student will be sent at the expense of the railway management for a holiday in England to complete his studies.

Sheriff or Tramp.

The town of Newport, Me., was at one time the proud possessor of a county sheriff who was death on tramps. This man, whose name was George Cole, had the reputation of being the slackest for miles around in regard to dress. One night, having heard that there were tramps about the railway station, Cole gathered up a few men and went to investigate. A freight car door was opened and Cole entered. He struck a match and discovered that the car contained about a dozen "weary ones." As he stood there holding the match a sleepy-eyed wanderer blinked up at him and remarked: "You'll have to go into the next car, pard; we're all full here."—Boston Herald.

ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

Enormous Growth of the System—Fast Encroaching on Steam Traction.

It is now 18 years since an electric motor propelled the first street car through the streets of Richmond, Va. As time passed this motor became the propelling force of the suburban lines, then of the interurban and recently there have been many electric roads constructed to parallel the steam lines. The more general use of this motor is due to the fact that the old 15-horsepower motor has been superseded by motors having from 400 to 500 horsepower.

The enormous growth of the electric railways, therefore, has led many steam railroads to utilize the latest system and practically every trunk line railroad company has already begun the installation of electricity on its lines, or is making preparations to do so in the immediate future.

Of the largest steam systems it is noteworthy that the New York Central railroad is equipping its main line with an electric system to run trains from the Grand Central depot in New York city up into the state of New York as far as Albany. At a recent meeting of the directors it was decided to issue millions of additional stock to be used in extending their lines in New York by electric roads.

The Pennsylvania railroad has operated electric trains for some time on its Long Island division, and this work is being extended constantly. This company is said to have recently made another contract for the electrical equipment of its line from Philadelphia to Atlantic City.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford contracted recently for 30 electric locomotives to be installed on its line between New York city and Stamford, Conn.

The Erie, Grand Trunk, Illinois Central and other roads are also making preparations for the introduction of electricity, and the electric locomotive may be said to have become a great propelling agent for railroad trains.

The progress made in the propulsion of cars by electricity is certainly remarkable and fulfills the predictions of the electricians made a dozen years ago that this system would be adopted ultimately in whole or in part by the steam roads. The managers of the steam roads naturally have been conservative and have watched carefully the development of the electrical system. When the largest railroad systems in the country, however, which have been furnishing the finest and speediest trains ever run in this country, begin to substitute electricity for steam as a motive power, it is evident that no such radical step has been taken without the closest investigation and with a view to the best business management.

The electric system is being brought forward, therefore, to bring about faster travel. The steam roads with their accustomed enterprise, do not hesitate, but are willing to try anything that will suit the great throng of travelers. Hence about \$500,000,000 has been appropriated by various railroad companies in the United States to be used in the purchase of electrical machinery.

SHOT EAGLES FROM TRAIN

Baggage man on Western Road Displayed His Handiness with a Gun.

When the Missouri Pacific passenger train was speeding on its way westward one day lately, says the Stafford (Kan.) Republican, Tom Kinney, a baggage man, saw an eagle perched on the cross arm of a telegraph pole some distance east of Kingman and made the remark to himself: "I'll get that fellow this evening." He informed the train crew of the prospect ahead, and the engineer and fireman agreed to be on the lookout on the return trip in the evening, and it is thought probable that the Mr. Eagle in question was still there a little of the air pressure would be applied and the train brought down to about 15 miles an hour, so as to give Tom the up of the bird's presence as well as a fairly good chance to see what he could do with a rifle.

When the train arrived near the place mentioned in the evening, not only the eagle of the morning was in sight but its mate had also come and taken up a position at the other end of the telegraph pole cross bar. Tom was given the tip by the steam being applied and he made ready for action. The boys say that when Tom fired the two shots it sounded almost like one, so quick did they follow in succession, and the result was that both birds descended to mother earth, each pierced by a bullet. They were taken on board the train and Tom was the hero of the hour. And a feat in shooting of this kind is certainly worth mentioning. The writer saw the two victims of Tom's deadly aim in the baggage car the next day and they were fine specimens of the species known as "gold-en," and the largest measured ten feet from tip to tip of the wings. Tom is going to have them mounted and keep them as souvenirs of his prowess.

Knowledge.

Commute spoke proudly. "So excellent is the train service to Commuteville," he said, "that I actually go home to lunch, thus making daily six nine-mile trips." "Six trips a day," said Ratch. "I suppose, then, you know the country between the city and Commuteville pretty thoroughly." "Know it?" cried Commute. "Why, hang it, I can repeat every advertisement along the way by heart."

Orange Trees to Acre.

On orange plantations the trees are usually planted 70 to the acre.

ROADS AND ROAD MAKING.

OLD ROADS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Success Attained Should Lead to More General Adoption.

The oiling of roads and streets in California first began to attract particular attention about seven years ago, when petroleum oil was used in Los Angeles County, in a small way in 1898, and more in 1899, followed by San Bernardino County in 1899, says a writer in Good Roads Magazine.

The first use of oil on roads had for its object the laying of dust, which was almost unbearable during the long dry summers of California. It was used for this purpose instead of water; sufficient quantities of the latter being difficult to obtain in some sections, and it was thought that the oil would have a more lasting effect, and so be more effectual and economical for this purpose. It was found to be an excellent dust layer. All grades of oil were used, from high gravity, containing but a small quantity of asphaltum, and charged with water and sediment to heavy oil, free from water, and very rich in asphaltic base. No attempt was made in the beginning to obtain a hard, smooth surface road. The idea was to mix the oil with the natural loose surface dirt of the road in sufficient quantity to make it heavy, so that the dust would not rise. It was thought it would be a waste of material to use oil on a loose, sandy road, that it would simply sink into sand and disappear, and if used on a hard surface like macadam it would not penetrate but run into the gutters. Even the parties who claimed to be the discoverers of the use of oil have never been able to substantiate their claim, said that there must be a loose covering of at least one inch in depth on the road to mix with the oil.

One of the first things to be noticed, was that the larger the percentage of asphaltum in the oil, the firmer it made the surface of the road, and so the better the results. Another was that if the oil was worked in deep, especially in a clayey soil, it made a spongy roadbed that was very heavy for hauling over; and that the oiled layer became rutted and ridged and very uneven. There are miles of just such roads in California to-day. Teamsters condemn them, and they are very unsatisfactory, on account of their unevenness, for even light rigs. It was found that sandy and gravelly surfaces absorbed the oil readily and became very hard if a heavy asphaltic oil was used; that even loose drift sand, while it took a large quantity of oil, put on in a number of applications, and considerable time to set and harden, could be converted into a smooth, hard-surfaced roadbed. But an absorbent, hard compacted gravel surface, it was found, made an ideal oiled road, when a heavy asphaltic liquid was used. This led up to the use of this kind of oil upon macadam roads, and now we are building, what we call, "liquid asphalt" roads and streets; giving careful attention to all details of carefully preparing the subgrade, putting down the crushed rock layers, filler, etc., and thoroughly compacting this base to a hard, smooth, properly shaped surface, to receive the oiled or rather, asphaltic covering; and obtaining a result that is very similar to the regulation asphalt pavement; hard, but not quite so hard and smooth as the latter, but furnishing a better footing for the horse, a surface that does not get slippery in wet weather, a surface that is slightly elastic, very pleasant to travel over, and which effectually preserves the macadam base below.

The construction of this "Asphalted Macadam" road or street involves the careful building of the macadam base, according to the most approved specifications for this work, attention being given to proper drainage and to the crowning of the surface. It must be remembered that this base supports the load that goes over it, and that the super-imposed asphalted layer is of comparatively thin, slightly elastic, protective covering that takes the surface wear.

Abolishing the Dust Nuisance.

Many cures for dust annoyances have been suggested, as the sprinkling of our roads with crude oil and different solutions of absorbent salts. These will prevent the dust, but are too expensive to be generally used. Our remedy, therefore, would be a strict enforcement of the speed limit, the abolition of armored tires, chain tires, and blowers, and a sprinkling of all our improved roads early in the morning and late in the evening. This would preserve the roads and would reduce the cost of repairs very materially, at the same time giving us a better, smoother and more dustless surface than we now enjoy.

The value of farm implements now in use by the American farmers reaches close to one billion dollars. Since so much wealth aggregates from this source it behooves each farmer to take good care of his own working utensils. If you are going to make any improvements, make them right. It will pay better to put up a building right than to put it up half, as many do. It will take more time and work, but will pay best in the end.

Quicker Time

to Colorado

Two fast trains daily, Chicago to Colorado via the Rock Island, only one night enroute.

Leaving: La Salle St. Station 8:30 a. m. and 5:45 p. m. Arriving Denver and Colorado Springs next day, noon and evening, respectively.

A third daily train from Chicago to 3:45 p. m., arriving Colorado second morning.

Time shortened on all trains very materially for 1906 season.

Three fast daily trains from Kansas City and two from St. Louis also.

That's the Rock Island's Colorado summer service—THE BEST THERE IS.

* Send for Chicago Colorado booklet, enclosing three two-cent stamps. Full information about summer excursion rates and company it.

CHAS. E. SLOAN,

New England Pass. Agent, 258 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

BREWERY PRODUCTS

That Excel in Purity and Fineness of Flavor.

Analysis by the most eminent chemists and the constantly increasing demand for

PORTSMOUTH BREWING CO.'S

Half-Stock, Sparkling Ale,

India Pale Ale,

Old Brown Stout

*** AND ***

Portsburger Lager

proves this statement.

DISTRIBUTED BY THE LEADING DEALERS AND BOTTLERS.

REDUCTION ON BUTTER

Best

Vermont Creamery Butter

25c lb.

— AT THE —

AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,

35 Congress Street,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD
Established Sept. 23, 1894.
Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
Terms, \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.
Communications should be addressed
F. W. Hartford, Editor.
HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.
Portsmouth, N. H.
Telephone 37-2.
Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.
For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.
You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.
SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1906.
TUCKER
Tucker's fate is sealed. The last ray of hope has vanished. A felon's death awaits him, after many months of alternating hope and despair. Nothing more can be done for the man convicted of the murder of Mabel Page. The fight for his life has ended.
The story of Tucker forms a dramatic chapter in criminal history. From the moment of his arrest until Gov. Guild closed the door of hope in his face, the various phases of the case have been followed with breathless interest.
The young man has had and now has thousands of well-wishers. Great numbers of people are still unconvinced of his guilt. It must be borne in mind, however, that Gov. Guild would certainly not have refused to commute Tucker's sentence had he not felt absolutely certain that he was guilty. Had he felt that there was any reasonable doubt, he would not have denied a petition signed by so many thousands of people.
Now that the end is so near at hand, the wisest thing to do is to accept without further question the decisions of those who have had the opportunity to hear and carefully weigh all the evidence. No convicted man ever had more done in his behalf. The highest authorities have all agreed upon one verdict. Therefore, let the matter rest.
MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS CRITICS
There seems to be a disposition in many quarters to criticize President Roosevelt for making public the packing-house report. Why? The answer given is that it will injuriously affect commerce and trade. Suppose it does. Commercial considerations are not the only ones and the welfare of the people as a whole should not be entirely overlooked.
Of course, the packers' pathetically urged Mr. Roosevelt not to give the report to the people. What else could be expected of them? The very fact that they were so anxious to escape publicity proves that they had something to hide. If they were innocent, they would not have feared the revelations of the investigators.
Fear is expressed that the people will refuse to eat Western meats. Very likely they will. In truth, it would be rather surprising if they didn't. It is their right and their duty to protect themselves and their right, also to know under what conditions the food offered for their tables is prepared.
The President seems to have done no more than his plain duty. We praise him for doing it because so many men fail and some men criticize because they object to fearlessness in public officials.
Is it not true that many of those who condemn Mr. Roosevelt's action in this matter would have been his harshest critics if he had taken the opposite course?
BIRDS' EYE VIEWS
Sing in joyous measure,
And do it while you may;
Sorrow may be with you,
At a later day!

There will be charges and demials, but the sale of diseased canned meats will emulate Tennyson's brook.
Some people have so pronounced a mania for centenary celebrations that they almost deserve to be called centenarians.
The people of the United States are more interested in how to pronounce the name than in the doings of Russia's erratic donna.
A deer recently gave birth to twins joined as were the Siamese. They were like the device on the wedding ring: "A pair of hearts united."
There is a power of consolation in reading Young, when we find him saying:
"Man's rich with little, when his judgment's true."
A Mrs. Ruge tells us that the first pair of trousers was made in Egypt in the year 3,000 B. C. And they took so well that the tailors have been doing a rushing business in that line ever since.
Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister to the United States, is engaged in codifying the laws of his country. It would be a good idea if his government put someone at work to enforce them.
Some people right here in Portsmouth go to church Sunday forenoon come home and give their neighbors a popular (?) concert on a graphophone all the afternoon, and then think their chances good for entering the kingdom of heaven.
Another good argument for Senator Gallinger's subsidy bill is found in the Concord Monitor:
"A new ocean greyhound has been added to the transatlantic fleet. Of course it's the biggest, over. And, equally of course, it flies a foreign flag—because it gets a subsidy."
A tramp of unique genius has been found in New Jersey. When caught in a schoolhouse he was engaged in heating water to take a bath and entertained his captors by doing intricate problems in algebra on the blackboard. One of such habits and accomplishments could have had no standing in the fraternity of hoboes.
—Portland Advertiser.
The wonder to us is what sort of New Jerseyites his captors could have been to be interested in intricate algebra problems.

IVY TEMPLE
Held A Whist Party In K. G. E. Hall Last Evening
Ivy Temple, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, held a whist party with eleven tables in K. G. E. Hall on Friday evening:
Ladies' first, silver orange spoon, Pearl Wright; ladies' second, silver olive fork, May Critchett.
Gents' first, foot rest, Philip Sanderson; gents' second, shaving mirror, Leslie Whitehouse.
Sandwiches and coffee were served. Noble Templar Mele Higgins was general chairman, Charles W. Hauscom was chairman of the committee on whist, and Mrs. Jennie Dore was head of the committee on refreshments.
UNION REBEKAH LODGE
To Hold A Strawberry Festival On Tuesday, June 19
The net profits to Union Rebekah Lodge by its recent female minstrel performance was \$133.31.
This lodge is to have a strawberry festival and dance in the hall on Tuesday evening, June 19.
GO TO CHRIST CHURCH TOMORROW
The branches of the Odd Fellows' fraternity are to attend services at Christ Church on Sunday evening by invitation of the rector, Rev. C. LeV. Brine, and will march there in a body.
SIGN OF SPRING
Now is the time to have your lawn mower overhauled and put in first class condition. Every mower is ground by a practical mechanic on an especially made machine, which leaves no guess work nor standing grass. All work will receive the same careful attention it did last year.
FRANK S. SEYMOUR, For Over Sixty Years
Mrs. Winkler's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

OUR EXCHANGES
Shipwrecked Hopes
Sometimes world-weary hearts will turn
To a land where ghosts of their youth abide.
A land where sunset memories glow.
And shipwrecked hopes drift in with the tide.
Where sad eyes strain through the Straits of Death
For a Ship that sailed to an Unknown Sea,
Laden with laughter and love and faith,
Bringing answer to wistful prayer:
Joy or Sorrow for days to be.

But never the brave Hope-Ship comes home,
Nor ever, out of the darkened west,
Clean of a far white sail shines fair.
Alas, we stand on a wide gray beach,
With empty hearts where a joy has been,
And outstretched hands that groping reach
For the shipwrecked hopes that the tide brings in.
—Marie Conway Oemler, in Watson's Magazine for June.
Charlie's A Healthy Moth
They do say that Charles M. Schwab is bucking the tiger again at Monte Carlo and astonishing the natives by his high play at roulette. It was believed to be that sort of thing which cost him the presidency of the United States Steel corporation, but the candle ever has a fatal fascination for the moth.—Portland Press.
Don't Like His Kind There
A "Holy Jumper" has been fined \$50 in a Maine court for abuse of a young girl. This "Holy Jumper" does well to keep this side of Mason's and Dixon's line. Down south there are plenty of places where a mob would cheerfully hang him from a telegraph pole.—Salem News.
As Recently As That?
Old Subscriber—You are mistaken. It was 1901, not 1903, that a healthy cow was supposed to have been slaughtered in a Chicago packing house.—Dover Democrat.
He Holds The Belt
At this stage of the game Mr. Bryan is the champion long-distance candidate for off-season indorsements.—Washington Star.
Anything May Happen
Addicks is said to have "complete confidence" in his election to the United States senate this time. Considering what other states are doing in this line it would not be so surprising.—Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics Wanted
Four thousand telegrams of protest against the anti-pass section of the rate bill were received in one day at Washington. It would be interesting to know how many of these were sent on a frank.—Concord Monitor.
THE MAGAZINES
The Smart Set
In the July number of The Smart Set a host of entertaining stories will be found. The novelette, in particular, will prove interesting reading. It is called "The Purple Border", and is written by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, a young writer of rare promise.
The short stories are varied and uniformly excellent. William Hamilton Osborne, in "The Writ of Habeas Corpus", has told with much skill a tale which reads like a chapter from real life. "When the Girls Came Out to Play," by Dorothea Deakin, is a bright, light comedy, just the thing for a Summer day. "A Matter of Habit," by Ludwig Lewisohn is a powerful study of a woman and an egoist of whom she became enamored. "The Final Hour" by Katherine Metcalf Root, is the story of an actress whose maternal instinct has been warped, but is at length made whole and clean. The essay, by Richard Duffy, is entitled "Bohemia New York." With quiet humor, Mr. Duffy describes that enchanting land, Bohemia, but there is much thought back of his light jesting.
Poems by Florence Wilkinson, Mabel Earle, Ernest McGaffey, J. J. Bell and others complete a most distinguished issue of this magazine.
Watson's
Watson's Magazine for June opens with the editor's foreword to his promised "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson." In his fluent, graphic style he gives a preliminary sketch of the man, and the period that he purposes to describe. There follow Mr. Watson's regular editorials, which are marked by his habitual vivacity and wit. Other articles in the number are, "The Abuse of the Homestead Law", by Hughes J.

Every woman knows that a polished table collects so much dust in a day that she can write her name on it.

The same thing happens to a soda cracker exposed to the air—sufficient reason for buying **Uneeda Biscuit** the only soda cracker. Perfectly protected in a dust tight, moisture proof package.

5c

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NO HOPE GIVEN
For The Recovery Of Bishop Delaney
DEATH EXPECTED AT ANY TIME DURING NIGHT
Announcement was made at the mission service at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last evening between eight and nine o'clock that no hope was entertained of Bishop Delaney's recovery.
Dr. Richardson of Boston visited the patient late Friday afternoon, and gave up hope immediately on observing his condition.
Death was expected to occur at any time during the night or early morning.
The sad news causes a pronounced shock in this community.
A message to The Chronicle at midnight stated that there was some hope.

BASEBALL TODAY
P. H. S. Vs. Alumni And Kittery Vs. Rochester The Games
This afternoon at The Plains the P. H. S. baseball nine will face the strong Alumni team in what is expected to be a very interesting contest.
Quinn will do the twirling for the high school while "Bob" Harding will be on the firing line for the Alumni.
Kittery will also play Rochester on Kittery Field.
PLANNING A NEW NOVEL
Thomas Nelson Page, the author, has returned from Europe. While abroad he visited the pope, the king of Italy and the king of Portugal, saw two incipient revolutions and learned that Europeans generally look upon Americans as a nation of grafters. It is said that Mr. Page is planning a new novel. He seems to have plenty of material.—Boston Globe.
Mr. Page and family will as usual pass the Summer at their cottage at York Harbor, and entertain many friends.
ANOTHER ORDER TO MOVE
Mercedes Acric, Fraternal Order of Eagles, is contemplating moving from Rehoboth Hall on Market street to Red Men's Hall on High street.

THE SAME OLD GUNS
Adjutant General A. D. Ayling received a telegram on Friday afternoon from the Rock Island arsenal in Illinois, stating that the guns for the First New Hampshire battery had not been shipped yet, writes a Concord correspondent. This means that the battery will come to Concord week after next with old brass guns that have made the trip up through Suncook so many years. No reason is stated for the delay and the adjutant general, who received the way bills of the guns over a month ago, is at a loss to understand just what has happened. It may be stated, however, that when the equipment does arrive the battery will be even better equipped than it expects, as the harness equipment includes extras and the outfit is complete for a larger organization than the battery is or probably ever will be.
FREIGHT WRECK AT SALEM
A freight wreck on the Boston and Maine railroad near Salem, this state, on Friday, resulted in the destruction of nearly twenty box and flat cars. No one was hurt, but traffic was considerably delayed.
WHYTE SUCCEEDS GORMAN
William Pinkney Whyte of Baltimore former governor of Maryland, has been appointed by Gov. Edwin Warfield of that state to succeed Arthur Pue Gorman, whose death recently occurred, in the United States Senate.

DO YOU KNOW THE FAMOUS ZOLNARS
THE WONDERFUL CLAIRVOYANTS AND OCCULT SCIENTISTS
(From Calcutta, India.)
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Owing to the urgent solicitation of many who have been made the victims of various public "seances" in Portsmouth, Prof. and Mrs. Zolnar have consented to remain in this city for a few days longer and open parlors for the benefit of those who wish to consult them pertaining to their business, social, or domestic affairs. "The Zolnars' method of life reading is unlike all others. It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are you out of employment? Are you unhappy and discontented? Is your business going wrong? Do you want a change? Is your domestic life a burden? Do you want peace and content? Do you contemplate marriage? Do you want to marry the one of your choice? It is the only reliable method practiced by the Hindoo "Adepts" in India. They simply look at you and tell you everything. You need not say a word. This call you by name. Tell your mother's in-law name. Tell you what you want to know. Are you in trouble of any kind? Are you sick or ailing? Are you unlucky? Are



A LIFE SAVER IN HOT WEATHER
Blue Flame Oil Stoves

— ARE —
Economical and Efficient.
Practical and Perfectly Safe.
Clean and simple to manage.
Will do all your cooking at an expense of 1 cent per hour for each burner.

See them at
W. E. PAUL,
45 Market St.,

Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital,
\$200,000

OFFICERS

CALVIN PAGE, President.
J. ALBERT WALKER,
Vice President.
ALFRED F. HOWARD,
Secretary.
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst.
Secretary.

Horse Shoeing

CARRIAGE WORK AND
BLACKSMITHING.

your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.

If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work
Attended To.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IRA C. SEYMOUR.
21-2 Linden St.

If you are looking for low prices

Buy Your

**Meats
Vegetables
Groceries**

AND

Flour

— AT —

WOODWARD'S
65 Pleasant Street

YANKEE NOTIONS

— AND —

Second Hand Goods of Every Description. Furniture bought and Sold

W. T. LUCAS

14 Penhallow Street

UNEEA BISCUITS

CANDY ICE TONICS

SMOKING GOODS

COOK'S, At The Plains

TUCKER'S DOOM

Black Shadow Of The Electric Chair

FALLS ABOUT CONDEMNED MAN'S CELL

Between Hours Of Midnight And Sunrise On Monday

ELECTRIC VOLTAGE WILL BE PASSED THROUGH MURDERER'S BODY

(BY TELEGRAPH)

Portsmouth, June 8.—Tucker upon awakening this morning manifested great anxiety to know whether the governor had reached a decision. The prison officials, however, deemed it wise that he should hear the news from his legal advisers.

The death watch reported that the prisoner did not sleep soundly during the night, his restlessness several times attracting their attention.

Arrangements for Tucker's execution have been practically complete for some days. The death chamber is scarcely a dozen steps from the doors of Tucker's cell. Under the provisions of the sentence, the execution may take place at any time after midnight Saturday, the warrant reading that the man shall be put to death during the week of June 10. It has been customary, however, to let Sunday pass in the case of a prisoner and carry out the law's penalty between midnight and sunrise of Monday. The law provides that the execution must come between the hours of midnight and sunrise of any day. Under these circumstances there seems to be general expectation that Tucker will be put to death shortly after midnight on Monday morning.

The Massachusetts law restricts the attendance at executions to a very small number. It permits the necessary officials of the prison to be present, three physicians, including the state prison medical adviser and the examining physician of the county in which the crime was committed, or others whom the warden may select in addition to the prison officials. The exact hour for the final act rests with the warden. When he reaches a decision he notifies those who are to attend to present themselves at the state prison at that time.

During the forenoon Chaplain Barnes of the state prison visited Tucker. The chaplain at the request of the warden refrained from telling Tucker of the governor's decision.

Prison Physician Joseph McLaughlin also called upon Tucker. He reported the young man to be "feeling well and in need of no medical attendance."

Lawyer Vahey arrived at the prison shortly after 11 o'clock and Warden Bridges immediately conducted him to Tucker's cell.

Mr. Vahey was with Tucker a little over half an hour. Warden Bridges was present during the interview. Mr. Vahey told Tucker without equivocation that the governor's decision had not been in his favor. The significant news caused no visible emotion on the part of the accused man. Both Mr. Vahey and Warden Bridges agreed that Tucker was not moved beyond possibly a slight indication of nervousness. There was no indication of his breaking down.

After Mr. Vahey had come into

SO MANY PEOPLE SPEAK

In the biggest terms of 11-Zorta Quick Pudding that you should give it a trial. There are numerous ways of preparing and serving it. For a pudding dessert add one quart of milk to contents of one package, bring to a boil, cool and serve with cream and sugar or any good pudding sauce. For baking pies, prepare according to directions on package, add two tablespoonsful of sugar and put in crust which has been baked. Cover with meringue made with the whites of two eggs. This is enough for two large or three small pies. For cake filling, prepare as above and spread between layers to the desired thickness. Five chocolate flavors—Lemon-Tapioca, Vanilla, Orange-Macaroni, Chocolate and Strawberry. All Grocers 10 cents. Order to-day.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 10 O'CLOCK A. M., June 12, 1906, and publicly opened immediately thereafter, to furnish at the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H., a quantity of naval supplies, as follows: 374: Cutting-off machine—Mol., 375: Cloth in-scription marking. Applications for proposals should designate the articles desired by number. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the navy pay office, Portsmouth, N. H., or to the Bureau, U. S. N. HARRIS, Paymaster General U. S. N. 417-06.

the rotunda he stated that he had in a measure prepared Tucker yesterday for an adverse decision by the governor, fearing that the revulsion would be too great if the young man were permitted to make up his mind that his sentence would be changed. To this fact the lawyer attributed in a great measure Tucker's calmness. Tucker's comment, according to Mr. Vahey, was that he would go to the chair an innocent man.

AT THE CHURCHES

The Order of Services During The Coming Week

The following will be the orders of services at the several churches of Portsmouth during the coming week:

Universalist Church

Tomorrow has been selected by the Universalist Church at large as Children's Sunday, which beautiful observance originated with this denomination.

At the Portsmouth church the following exercises, specially arranged, will be carried out:

Organ Voluntary.
Chorus, "Come! Come! Come!"

Introductory words.
Invocation and Lord's Prayer.
Gloria.

Responsive Psalm.
Anthem.

Scripture Lesson.
Anthem.

Prayer.
Response.
Hymn.

Service for Children's Sunday.

Supt. and School

Solo, "Lilies White o'er the Fountain," Miss Hanscom

Christening.

Chorus, "When of old the Jewish Mothers," School

Announcing Honor Roll.

Chorus, "We are a Band of Merry Reapers," School

Offertory.

Hymn.

Benediction.

The church will as usual on such occasions be in floral and verdure adornings.

Sunday school at twelve o'clock, a brief session to be held.

The theme of the paper at the meeting in the vestry at 6.30 o'clock of the Young People's Christian Union will be "Making the Most of Our Opportunities. How?" I Kings, XX, 39, 40; Luke X, 25-42.

Middle Street Baptist Church

The following is the program to be given for Children's day at this church:

Organ Voluntary.

Doxology.

Invocation.

Singing.

Our Watchword.

Responsive Reading.

Prayer.

Singing.

Service by Kindergarten department.

Singing.

Recitation.

Notices, morning offering.

Singing.

Address.

Distribution of papers.

Singing.

Dismissal.

The regular session of the Sunday school will not be held.

Pearl Street Free Baptist Church

Sunday services will be held as follows: 10.30 a. m., preaching service, Rev. Edwin B. Stiles, State Agent for the Free Baptists, is expected to be present and address this meeting. Come and hear him. 12 m. Sunday school, 3 p. m., the firemen, including the veterans, will meet with us, and a memorial address will be given by the pastor, Rev. V. E. Bragdon, 7.30 p. m., social service of song, prayer and address. All invited; seats all free.

Christian Science Society

There will be no service of this society on Sunday, June 10, as the members will be in attendance at the dedication of the First Church of Christ Scientist of Boston. Regular Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 7.45 o'clock. All are welcome. Services are held at 2 Market street. Reading room same address, open to the public daily from 2 to 4 o'clock except Saturday and Sunday. This room is also open Saturday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock. Here all Christian Science literature can be read.

Unitarian Church Music

The following music will be rendered at the Unitarian Church on Sunday:

Anthem, "Not Unto us, O Lord," Smith

Anthem, "Father, Lover of My Soul," Warren

Anthem, "Sun of My Soul," Bullard

People's Church

Sunday services tomorrow will be held as follows: preaching at 10.45 a. m., subject: "The King's Highway." Sunday school at 12 m. The children's day exercises will be held at 7.20 p. m. All the members of the sewing circle are asked to meet at the residence of J. P. Slaughter on Monday evening at 8 p. m.

CHRIST CHURCH

The following will be the musical program at Christ Church tomorrow. Trinity Sunday:

Holy Eucharist—10.30 A. M.

Processional, No. 385. Dykes

Introit, Psalm 150. Gregorian

Kyrie. Agutter

Gloria Tibi, Gratias Tibi, Credo, Agutter

Hymn, No. 137. Knapp

Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Agutter

Gloria in Excelsis, Plainsong

Processional, No. 385. Hopkins

Festal Evensong—7.20 P. M.

Processional, No. 520. Messiter

Versicles and Responses, Tallis

Proper Psalm for Trinity Sunday, Gregorian

Magnificat, Kimmins

Nunc Dimittis, Kimmins

Hymn, No. 388. Giardini

Hymn, No. 588. Webbe

Processional, No. 100. Webbe

The members of the Portsmouth Lodges of Odd Fellows will attend this service.

BRUTALLY TREATED

Horse Cruelly Beaten By The Somersworth Burglars

The horse used by the Somersworth burglars in making their escape was taken about two o'clock this (Saturday) morning from the stable of Harry Orr, who lives on what is known as the back road in Eliot.

The burglars broken into the stable with an iron crow bar. They left in the stable a smaller and less powerful horse and also exchanged harnesses.

Sheriff George O. Athorne was notified at about seven o'clock and called Deputy Sheriff Durgin of South Berwick on the telephone. Both officers started to search for the horse and found it several hours later, with a wagon, in a field near the Rollinsford railroad station.

The horse had received treatment brutal in the extreme. It had been driven to the point of exhaustion. The skin had been scraped from both hind legs to the very bone, the result, probably, of coming in contact with the crossbar and whiffletree. The horse had, besides, been cruelly beaten with a knotted whip, broken over the poor animal by its brutal drivers, and its head and body were covered with scars.

Sheriff Athorne took the animal to his residence in Eliot. Late this (Saturday) forenoon, word was received from City Marshal McKone of Dover that a man suspected of being one of those concerned in the Somersworth break had been captured.

Vegetarians are more than ever in evidence in this city.

Do You Suffer From Sick Headache?
"Liven the Liver."
In a majority of cases, a bad liver means a bad head. Fix the liver and you fix the head.
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS
A Sure cure for all the ailments resulting from the liver.
They are a sure, permanent relief for Indigestion, Constipation, Nausea, Heartburn, Flatulency, Giddiness, Malaria, Jaundice, etc.
Guaranteed all Vegetable / Absolutely Harmless.
In use for Seventy Years.
For sale everywhere, 25 cents a box or by mail.
Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS
The Big 48 for unobtainable relief in cases of indigestion, constipation, flatulency, heartburn, and all ailments of the stomach and bowels. Guaranteed all Vegetable / Absolutely Harmless.
In use for Seventy Years.
For sale everywhere, 25 cents a box or by mail.
Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' DR. J. H. SCHENCK'S COMPOUND
The Big 48 for unobtainable relief in cases of indigestion, constipation, flatulency, heartburn, and all ailments of the stomach and bowels. Guaranteed all Vegetable / Absolutely Harmless.
In use for Seventy Years.
For sale everywhere, 25 cents a box or by mail.
Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR TAX RATE

It Will Not Be Materially Higher or Lower

Portsmouth people will be forced to pay a tax rate this year not materially higher or lower than that of last year. Those who have studied the situation are not exactly in accord, but all agree on the main proposition. One official says that the rate will be between \$27 and \$28 on \$1000. Another is of the opinion that it will range between \$28 and \$29. The difference between the old rate and the new will not be great.

Citizens may rest assured that there will be no \$26 rate. The scare to which the members of the board of assessors treated themselves was the result of a clerical error. They figured that the city would be called upon to raise by taxation just \$50,000 more than will actually be demanded.

The appropriation bill calls for \$208,530 for general expenses and \$17,000 for schools, making a total of \$225,530. There will be spent in addition to this \$50,000, to be received by the city from other sources, such as dog taxes, license fees and the railroad tax. The assessors took the totals of the various allotments, \$205,500, which would demand a tax rate of \$33 on \$1000. Various amounts which would undoubtedly have to be deducted, would it was estimated, raise the rate about three dollars. Fortunately, it was all a mistake.

The valuation of the city has been reduced \$270,000. Five hundred polls have been thrown out entirely and several estates, including that of the Sinclair family, have been valued at a less amount than formerly. The valuation of the various industrial establishments remains the same.

BISHOP IMPROVING

The condition of Bishop John B. Delany is slightly improved, according to reports received from Manchester. Those at his bedside are, however, waiting for the crisis. He has been resting comfortably today and his conditions is as favorable as could be expected.

A late bulletin received by The Herald at three o'clock is to the effect that the Bishop is steadily improving and that there is strong hope that the crisis will be safely passed.

HOMESEEKERS' RATES VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Lowest round trip Homeseekers' rates to the West, Northwest and Southwest, are offered by the Nickel Plate Road, the first and third Tuesday of each month. Write L. P. Burgess, N. E. P. A., 206 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The Marines and the Ireland-Grafton Shoe Company baseball team of Dover will play on the yard grounds this (Saturday) afternoon.

Many of the marines who recently arrived from the Philippines have only a short time more in the service and many of them will go out in July and August.

Pa. Assistant Surgeon U. R. Webb has been ordered to the naval hospital here.

Three members of the marine guard sent here from the Philippines have been transferred to the Southery.

The construction and repair department has been notified of the repairs needed on the gunboat Eagle. If recommendations are carried out, the alterations and repairs will be extensive.

Eight wood caulkers were called today (Saturday) in the construction and repair department.

TO DO WORK IN DOVER

Albert S. Incey, the bridge builder of Eliot, will begin work on the Fourth street bridge next Monday morning with a large crew of men. The bridge is to be a new one in every part. The piling is to be of oak and the timber and planking of Georgia pine.—Dover Democrat.

MARINES WILL PLAY FOR FUN OR MONEY

The Marine baseball club is anxious to get at any of the clubs in Portsmouth and vicinity and the manager of the team wishes The Herald to issue a challenge for any club in this neighborhood to play for fun or money.

Strawberry festivals are not coming very rapidly this year.

Who Gets the Most Out of Life?

Not the wealthiest, nor the most learned, nor the idler—but the man who has good health and works for his living. This truth is true, but not trivial.

Every man should guard his health as his most valuable possession. The more so because health is easier to retain than regain. Keep your grip on health by regular exercise, reasonable care in eating and requisite sleep. Take Beecham's Pills occasionally, to tone the stomach and keep the liver and bowels in good working order. And don't worry.

Observe these simple rules and you will agree that the one who gets the most from life is

The Man Who Uses BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.

10c and 25c.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.

Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices

Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.

A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.

The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.

We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Everything in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St.

Portsmouth, N. H.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR

At L. D. Britton's Express Office.

TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woollens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place,

22 Daniel St. L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination

Plate Rail and Picture Moulding

Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

GARDNER V. URCH

No. 23 Hanover Street.

Residence Telephone 52 1/2

Nickel, Copper and Brass Plating.

General Repairing of All Kinds.

All Work Guaranteed.

GOODALL & TOLMAN,

64 HANOVER ST.

A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

121-2 Porter St.

Telephone Connection.

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.

Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.

Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Half Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.

Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)

Ales, Lager and Porter by the 1/4 keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.

A New Hotel
at the **Old Stand**
\$250,000 has just been
Remodeled, Refurbishing,
and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service U. S. Hotel
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvements
All modern conveniences
transfer to door
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronting on three streets
Electric Clocks, Telephone and
Automatic Lighting Devices
in every room
Moderate Rates
MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor
Send for guide of New York-Free

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker.
NIGHT CALLS a 62 and 64
Market street, or at residence
cor. New Vaughan street and
Raynes avenue.
Telephone 59-2.

Your Dealer Will Tell
You The
7-20-4
Is the best selling 10c cigar in
his showcase. Competent
judges of tobacco pronounce
it now better than ever.
Name of manufacturer,
R. G. SULLIVAN,
stamped on every cigar.
Factory, Manchester, N. H.

Board by the Day or Week
—AT—
Allen's Lunch Rooms
35 PENNALLOW ST.
Specialty of
FISH AND BOILED DINNERS
Quick Lunch Good Service
Prices to Suit Everybody
Open from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.
JOHN H. ALLEN,
Proprietor

SPEND
YOUR
OUTING
ON THE LINE OF THE
Canadian Pacific Ry.
The greatest variety from which to select. SEA-
SHOES, LAKES, RIVERS, CLOUDES, MOUNTAINS.
Describe briefly the sort of vacation you
wish to enjoy, and we will cheerfully furnish
detailed information, including rates, etc., and
descriptive pamphlets containing the same.
Write to: **W. H. COLE, DEPT. 2,**
388 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

COAL AND WOOD
C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

Story of a Real Person.

BY E. M. GOODMAN.
"You look," said my partner, "like a
kind of paradise with the croup!"
I had danced once with her, and at-
tempted three polite conversational
gambles as we sat in a cozy corner
between the schoolroom door and the
observatory, but nothing in her care-
ful deportment or murmured monosyl-
lables had prepared me for this.
I recalled my thoughts from the
last place of dejection which they
were so painfully exploring, and pre-
pared to answer a fool according to her
folly.
"You are either a real person," I re-
plied, "or an ill-brought-up young
woman. Real persons are rare. There
are only half-a-dozen or so in each
generation. So the alternative is the
more probable."
She did not take up the challenge;
there was nothing of the hoyden about
my partner. She continued the sub-
ject in a spirit of impartial inquiry.
"I think you must be mistaken about
that," she remarked. "I know several
real persons. Now, there is my maid.
As a maid she is too bad not to be
true. Her temper leaves much to be
desired, and most persons would man-
age to sew better with a bone needle.
But she is a real person, so I keep her.
I should keep her even if she hit me
with a hair-brush."
My partner was exceedingly well-
turned-out, so either she had dressed
herself, or she was an untruthful per-
son. I revolved the question in silence
till the girl said coolly:
"Yes, I dressed myself. Auntie par-
ticularly told me to look nice."
The conversation languished, but I
was not bored. The next dance had
begun and the schoolroom passage
was deserted. I recalled the mental
arithmetic lessons I had shared with
my cousins before I went to Winches-
ter preparatory. I remembered the
hopeless blankness of forgetting the
problem while one was only halfway
towards the solution.
"Poor old man," she said softly, jer-
king her kind childish eyes rest on me
a moment.
"I sat just behind you after the
Lancers," she explained; "I was sit-
ting out with your cousin Jim. He is
a pig!" she paused and looked at me
again with a gentlemanly air of apolo-
gy.
"We heard what you said," she went
on, "and what she said. And Jim, who
is a pig, is going to chaff you about it.
But I'm sorry—because we heard, and
because of it, I know the real thing,
you see," she said, and smiled, and
shrugged her shoulders, looking rather
wistful; "and one's always sorry
when it's wasted. Croup should be
kept for common birds." She seemed
to imagine I should not hear this.
I managed, somehow, to express a
kind of angry gratitude, an attempt
to divert the conversation.
"I believe I've seen you somewhere
before, haven't I?" I asked.
"Here," she said briefly, "once, at
schoolroom tea. My name is Margie-
ret, but you may remember they called
me 'piglet.' I had Holland pinaflores
and pigtails, when they had white
frocks and curls. It wasn't ill-treat-
ment," she added, "but my hair used
to get into the ink."
The old butler came sailing down
the corridor and offered her a pink
ice.
"He's rather sweet," she remarked,
before he was well out of earshot. "He
pretends he's forgotten all about the
schoolroom scrapes." Then she re-
turned to my affairs. "She only talked
like that," my partner explained, "be-
cause of Mr. Cliphant. But he isn't
the real thing. She'll forget all that,
you mustn't mind her being rather
silly. You know, because she is a per-
fect dear. Most girls think a clergy-
man must be the real thing, especially
if he has a colliate vow. I don't, be-
cause two of my brothers are curates,
and even if I thought they were more
than human, Uncle George is a bishop.
So you see she isn't to blame. You
won't give up?" she asked rather anx-
iously.
I assured her that I would not give
up—now.
"You have put things in a different
light," I told her.
"Poor old man," she said again. I
recognized in her eyes the look my
grandmother gave me when I was
more than usually battered in nursery
warfare, and reflected that my partner
must be at least six years my junior.
She got up, smoothing her satin
frock.
"Mustn't miss my next dance," she
said. "Mr. Pollett dances like a dervish.
Don't annihilate him when he chaffs
you. He is the sort of pig who
wouldn't be a pig if he could help it."
I nodded. "You may be a badly-
brought-up young woman, but you,
too, are a perfect dear."

Monday—Now, this is a job worth
talking about! There wasn't a dull
minute all through the day. I spent
most of the morning learning the stock
and where to find things and also a
few other bits of information that I
didn't want the others to know about.
I didn't know French val from Ger-
man val, and when I asked one of the
other girls which was which she put
on such superior airs and said: "Oh,
don't you know the difference?" After
that I thought that the next time I
was asked for something I didn't know
about I'd bluff it through or try to find
out from the customer. It didn't work,
though, for when I tried it this after-
noon the customer squealed on me and
gave it away to the whole bunch. She
asked me to show her some insertion
in point de Paris. I said a little silent
prayer that I'd make the right guess
and went through a sort of "My-mam-
my-told-me-to-take-this-one" business
and confidently hauled out a box of in-
sertions. While I was searching
wildly for the prices of the different
widths the old skeezicks piped up to
the clerk standing next to me: "Will
you please show me some point de
Paris insertions? This young woman
doesn't seem to know one kind of lace
from another." The other clerk gave
me a sneering look and made the
sale. I'm still wondering what point
de Paris is and what sort of lace it
was that I was showing her.
Gee! but I've got lots to learn!

Tuesday—I made a hit with the
floorwalker to-day. He was entertain-
ing up this morning when there wasn't
much doing with a lot of bum jokes.
They were so very bad that I couldn't
help but laugh, and he thought I was
taking a fit because he was so funny.
It tickled him nearly to death to have
one appreciative listener. I guess the
other girls had heard them all before.
At least they didn't pay any attention
to him. But I hope he won't take me
for a good thing very often.
My! but there are queer people in
the world, and a big store like this is
about as good a place to see all kinds
of human nature as I know of. Some-
times a regular four-flusher will come
in and ask to see some point lace or
real duchess and talk about the poor
selection they carry "on this side of
the water," when you feel certain that
she would fall dead at the sight of an
ocean steamer and the only "other
side" of the water she's seen is prob-
ably St. Joe.
Wednesday—An earthquake wouldn't
be in it with what would happen if I
passed a week without getting a call-
down. I believe the world would come
to an end. It was all on account of
Mr. Clark. I caught him on the fly
this noon as he was passing to go up
to the fourth floor. He didn't know
that I had been changed. I was awful
glad to see him. We chinned for quite
a while and he was joshing me about
how fickle I was in always having new
jobs. He said he wondered if I was
that fickle in everything—fellows, for
instance. He got real personal. I
guess the other girls got sore that I
was having some attention and they
must have put the floorwalker next.
At any rate, Mr. Smartly came over to
me and said in a very insinuating way
that he supposed I had a prior to re-
ceive my visitors in; that I was paid
for waiting on customers and not for
entertaining my friends. I was so
mad I could have choked him and
when I got my breath you bet I told
him a thing or two. Charlie acted
grand. He just said, "Excuse me," and
tipped his hat in a dignified way and
walked out of the store. You bet I'll
get even with that little whippersnapper.

Thursday—We had quite an exciting
time in the store to-day. I had been
waiting on a swell-looking chemical
blonde and had shown her some of
our most expensive laces. Just as she
was leaving the counter after not
buying anything a man touched her
on the shoulder and I heard him say
to her, "Up to your old tricks, Blanche!
Come upstairs with me and disgorge
some of that lace you've just stolen.
Now, don't make a fuss or it will go a
heap harder with you."
Gee! but it was as good as a show
at the America! All us girls were
scared to death but kind of sorry there
wasn't more of a scene. She must
have been an old timer and on to the
game, because I hadn't suspected
anything out of the way. I'd like to
have seen what went on upstairs. I
bet there was a hot old time.
Saturday—I'm canned; in other
words, out of a job. That measly old
floorwalker must have pulled his
wires all right, and I'm on the waiting
list once again. It turns out that the
head of our department is struck on
the floorwalker and he was shining up
to me to make her jealous. She didn't
see that he was just joshing me and
thought the best way was to get rid of
me. She made several complaints
about me to the manager. Then when
I turned Mr. Smart Aleck down and he
got sore the combination was too
much for me, and I'm out—but not
down. I still have my luck and my
nerve to back me and in the meantime
—little Ethel to the want ads—Chicago Chronicle.

Post-Cards for Princess Ena.
A scheme is on foot to make a pre-
sent of a very unique kind to Princess
Ena. This will be a collection of post-
cards from the whole of Spain, with
"piprops" dedicated to her royal high-
ness. A "piprop" is a short phrase
enlarging the beauty of women. The
cards will be arranged in special al-
bums, with artistic bindings, one for
every province in Spain.

Preliminary Profit.
Mrs. Glib-dub—Did your daughter
marry well?
Mrs. Flim-flam—Yes, indeed; she
had a trip all over Europe before the
divorce.—Lide.
Bargain.
Tim—Did you ever speculate in dia-
monds?
Tom—Yep, once. I got the pretti-
est girl in town with one—Detroit
Free Press.

The Diary of Nery Ethel.

Monday—Now, this is a job worth
talking about! There wasn't a dull
minute all through the day. I spent
most of the morning learning the stock
and where to find things and also a
few other bits of information that I
didn't want the others to know about.
I didn't know French val from Ger-
man val, and when I asked one of the
other girls which was which she put
on such superior airs and said: "Oh,
don't you know the difference?" After
that I thought that the next time I
was asked for something I didn't know
about I'd bluff it through or try to find
out from the customer. It didn't work,
though, for when I tried it this after-
noon the customer squealed on me and
gave it away to the whole bunch. She
asked me to show her some insertion
in point de Paris. I said a little silent
prayer that I'd make the right guess
and went through a sort of "My-mam-
my-told-me-to-take-this-one" business
and confidently hauled out a box of in-
sertions. While I was searching
wildly for the prices of the different
widths the old skeezicks piped up to
the clerk standing next to me: "Will
you please show me some point de
Paris insertions? This young woman
doesn't seem to know one kind of lace
from another." The other clerk gave
me a sneering look and made the
sale. I'm still wondering what point
de Paris is and what sort of lace it
was that I was showing her.
Gee! but I've got lots to learn!

Tuesday—I made a hit with the
floorwalker to-day. He was entertain-
ing up this morning when there wasn't
much doing with a lot of bum jokes.
They were so very bad that I couldn't
help but laugh, and he thought I was
taking a fit because he was so funny.
It tickled him nearly to death to have
one appreciative listener. I guess the
other girls had heard them all before.
At least they didn't pay any attention
to him. But I hope he won't take me
for a good thing very often.
My! but there are queer people in
the world, and a big store like this is
about as good a place to see all kinds
of human nature as I know of. Some-
times a regular four-flusher will come
in and ask to see some point lace or
real duchess and talk about the poor
selection they carry "on this side of
the water," when you feel certain that
she would fall dead at the sight of an
ocean steamer and the only "other
side" of the water she's seen is prob-
ably St. Joe.
Wednesday—An earthquake wouldn't
be in it with what would happen if I
passed a week without getting a call-
down. I believe the world would come
to an end. It was all on account of
Mr. Clark. I caught him on the fly
this noon as he was passing to go up
to the fourth floor. He didn't know
that I had been changed. I was awful
glad to see him. We chinned for quite
a while and he was joshing me about
how fickle I was in always having new
jobs. He said he wondered if I was
that fickle in everything—fellows, for
instance. He got real personal. I
guess the other girls got sore that I
was having some attention and they
must have put the floorwalker next.
At any rate, Mr. Smartly came over to
me and said in a very insinuating way
that he supposed I had a prior to re-
ceive my visitors in; that I was paid
for waiting on customers and not for
entertaining my friends. I was so
mad I could have choked him and
when I got my breath you bet I told
him a thing or two. Charlie acted
grand. He just said, "Excuse me," and
tipped his hat in a dignified way and
walked out of the store. You bet I'll
get even with that little whippersnapper.

Thursday—We had quite an exciting
time in the store to-day. I had been
waiting on a swell-looking chemical
blonde and had shown her some of
our most expensive laces. Just as she
was leaving the counter after not
buying anything a man touched her
on the shoulder and I heard him say
to her, "Up to your old tricks, Blanche!
Come upstairs with me and disgorge
some of that lace you've just stolen.
Now, don't make a fuss or it will go a
heap harder with you."
Gee! but it was as good as a show
at the America! All us girls were
scared to death but kind of sorry there
wasn't more of a scene. She must
have been an old timer and on to the
game, because I hadn't suspected
anything out of the way. I'd like to
have seen what went on upstairs. I
bet there was a hot old time.
Saturday—I'm canned; in other
words, out of a job. That measly old
floorwalker must have pulled his
wires all right, and I'm on the waiting
list once again. It turns out that the
head of our department is struck on
the floorwalker and he was shining up
to me to make her jealous. She didn't
see that he was just joshing me and
thought the best way was to get rid of
me. She made several complaints
about me to the manager. Then when
I turned Mr. Smart Aleck down and he
got sore the combination was too
much for me, and I'm out—but not
down. I still have my luck and my
nerve to back me and in the meantime
—little Ethel to the want ads—Chicago Chronicle.

Post-Cards for Princess Ena.
A scheme is on foot to make a pre-
sent of a very unique kind to Princess
Ena. This will be a collection of post-
cards from the whole of Spain, with
"piprops" dedicated to her royal high-
ness. A "piprop" is a short phrase
enlarging the beauty of women. The
cards will be arranged in special al-
bums, with artistic bindings, one for
every province in Spain.

Preliminary Profit.
Mrs. Glib-dub—Did your daughter
marry well?
Mrs. Flim-flam—Yes, indeed; she
had a trip all over Europe before the
divorce.—Lide.
Bargain.
Tim—Did you ever speculate in dia-
monds?
Tom—Yep, once. I got the pretti-
est girl in town with one—Detroit
Free Press.

Concentration of Thought.
Wilkinson had written but six lines
of his essay on "Concentration of
Thought" when a dog began to howl.
Wilkinson didn't know what dog it
was that howled. I wasn't easy to
specify dogs in the Wendover. The
Wendover sheltered 22 families, each of
which owned a dog, and none but an
expert could differentiate the various
canine war cries.
But whatever dog it was, he had
practiced in howling. His voice was
well trained and not likely to give out
soon. He began on a kind of dog pi-
anissimo, which to the human ear is
fretful; then, with expressive
crescendo and staccato movements, the
volume of tone swelled rapidly till
the Wendover airshaft and the ad-
joining rooms were alive with barks
and yells.
Wilkinson tried to reason away the
revelry of sound by Christian Science
methods. He fixed his eyes on space,
as represented by the window curtains,
and said, with grave emphasis:
"There is no dog." Another frantic
howl, following close upon this asser-
tion, made Wilkinson's major pre-
mise seem rather shaky.
"The dog does not howl," he amend-
ed, "consequently I cannot hear the
dog howl."
Another series of yelps convinced
him that even this concession was so-
phism.
"The dog does howl," he said, "and
infernally loud, too, and I'm going to
stop 'im!"
Wilkinson darted out of his own
apartment and went first to the apart-
ment above.
"Is that your dog making all that
racket?" he demanded of the white-
aproned maid.
The maid was properly indignant.
"Of course not," she said. "E's asleep
in 'is basket. 'E ain't opened 'is 'ead
to-day, except to eat, an' then 'e didn't
make no noise about 'it—not arf so
much noise as some folks makes 'en
they goes about pryin' into other peo-
ple's business."
Wilkinson made his next inquiry at
the door of the apartment beneath his
own. The maid said the dog was
not theirs. Their dog was likewise
asleep in his basket. Wilkinson next
directed his steps to the fourth floor.
"Their dog's a bull that weighs 100
pounds if he weighs anything," he re-
flected, "and I'll bet five dollars he
ain't asleep in his basket."
But he was, "La, no," said the maid,
"taipt Billy 'is makin' all that fuss."
"I suppose," said Wilkinson, with
fine sarcasm, "that he is asleep in his
basket."
"He sure is," said the maid, and
she shut the door in Wilkinson's face.
Wilkinson didn't dodge about much
after that. He visited the remaining
20 apartments in regular order and in
response to his 20 inquiries he learned
that the 20 dogs were asleep in their
baskets. By and by he went back to
his own apartment to meditate.
"Twenty-four dogs asleep in their
baskets," he mused. "Dogs of high de-
gree and low degree; dogs big and lit-
tle; dogs young and old; dogs white
black, buff and brindle, all asleep in
their baskets. They must be doped to
sleep through all this racket. And
one of 'em's got nightmare. I wonder
which it is?"
Wilkinson picked up his six lines
on "Concentration of Thought."
Through the door he heard a jumble
of tones thrown out by the mouthful,
now with the sonorous effect of a drum
now with the shrill cadence of the
flute. Presently he heard something
else. The janitor was ringing the bell
and demanding admittance.
"Say, said the autocrat of the Wend-
over, 'where's that dog?'"
"Search me," said Wilkinson.
"Well," said the janitor, "I will
search you. The rest of the folks say
they can't stand this hullabaloo any
longer, an' if you can't give 'im any
thing to make 'im dry up, 'w'y you've
got to choke 'im, that's all."
"Choke who?" gasped Wilkinson.
"W'y your dog."
"My dog?" said Wilkinson. "My
dog is asleep in his basket."
He smiled faintly at this trite re-
joinder, but he knew it was the truth
and he had to let it stand. The jan-
itor, however, had his doubts.
"Just show me the basket," he said.
"Somebody's got to be done. I've seen
all the rest of the dogs. They're all
right. Now, trot yours out!"
Instead of trotting the dog out, Mr.
Wilkinson trotted the janitor in. He
led the way back to the storeroom
near the airshaft with the air of a con-
queror.
"Behold," he said, and opened the
door.
But he said no more, for as the door
swung on its hinges a streak of yel-
low darted down from a perch beside
the airshaft window and rushed be-
tween Wilkinson's feet and against the
janitor's legs with such force that
both men toppled over against the
wall.
"Asleep in 'is basket," was "e?"
scolded the janitor.
Wilkinson was very humble. "I beg
your pardon," he said, "and the par-
don of all my neighbors. I was so
busy writing an essay that I forgot
that my wife and the maid had both
gone out this evening and left the
dog here by myself. I've been trying
for the last half hour to locate that
dog."
"Well," said the janitor, "you've lo-
cated 'im."—N. Y. Press.

Long Holiday.
Mr. Subbubs—Great heavens! Lucy
Mary Ann tried to start the fire with
gun-cotton, and she has been blown out
through the roof!
Mrs. Subbubs—Never mind; it's her
day out, anyway.—Chicago Journal.

Just to Oblige a Friend.

"I hope we won't be disturbed for a
few minutes," said the young man
when they were settled in the quiet
corner, "because" he added with a sus-
picion of nervousness, "I've something
particular to say to you."
The girl looked frightened and he
noticed it.
"That is, it isn't something I've got
to say—at least, I've got to say it
because I promised to say it, but it
isn't really any of my business—my
affair, don't you know."
"Of course," I understood you per-
fectly now," said the girl, remaining
her self possession.
"Of course, you don't," said the
young man, "I don't know. I'll
try it again. I know you won't mind
if I put the matter plainly before you,
I'm not talking for myself. I'm talk-
ing for that chump Bannister. I
didn't really mean that Bannister is
a chump, you know. Only in some
things—well, you know it all."
"Nothing at all, please," said the
girl, with a smile of encouragement.
"You are a very kind person, and the
young man said that he knew Bannister."
"Bannister? I don't know him. I've
occasionally seen him the last two or
three months."
"I think you have, too. From all
he tells me there haven't been very
many days in the last two or three
months that you haven't had a beau-
tiful opportunity of meeting him."
"I'm afraid I must have neglected
some of them," said the girl, demurely.
"Well, Bannister's all right."
"I'm glad to hear that," said the
girl with some fervor. "You're no
idea how relieved I am. Do you know,
I've had a suspicion once or twice
that he wasn't quite right."
"You're making it hard for me, be-
cause this is a serious business, and
when you laugh—well, I'm going to
tell you, anyhow. The old boy ad-
mires you."
"Let's talk about somebody else,"
suggested the girl, putting her hand
to her mouth to emphasize a delicately
contrived little yawn.
"Well, he's gone on you. It's a
case."
"I think you must be mistaken."
"I guess not," said the young man.
"You take it from me—believe me, it's
the straight goods—a genuine and
lasting affection. That's what Petie
said it was."
"If he really did, I don't think it's
right of you to betray his confidence."
"Betray his confidence!" echoed the
young man. "Why, that's my job.
That's what I'm here for. He wanted
me to tell you. Don't you understand?
The job—he didn't have the sand to
tell you himself, so he has to rope me
to do it for him. If it had been
anybody else but Petie—"
"I'm beginning to understand now,"
said the girl, with extreme calmness.
"He knew you had plenty of experi-
ence in such matters—"
"Honest, I don't know a thing about
it," protested the young man. "I
never had any experience. There's
only one girl I ever—anyway, I don't
want you to think that I know any-
thing about it. I didn't want to do
this, understand, but Petie—"
"Tell me about the only one you
ever," said the girl. "But perhaps I
shouldn't ask you that. Only we are
such good friends—aren't we?—that I
thought I might be able to help you."
"You can't," said the young man,
rather shortly.
"Is she fair or dark?"
"I'm not going to tell you."
"Dear Petie!" sighed the girl, soft-
ly, after a moment's pause.
"Then I'm to tell him it's all right,
am I?" demanded the young man,
harshly. "Is that what 'Dear Petie'
means?"
"You haven't any right to ask me
such a question," said the girl, with
sudden anger. "I never supposed that
Mr. Bannister had much sense or deli-
cacy, but I did foolishly think you
had a little. I find I was very much
mistaken in that. I never want to see
either of you again."
The young man almost forcibly de-
tained her as she tried to escape. "Sit
down a moment, please," he said, im-
pudgently. "I knew I'd make a mess
of this. Say, Edith—Miss Woodberry
—please listen a moment. I hated to
do this. You don't know, you can't
guess how I hated to do it. That idiot
just laid down on me. I simply had
to do something—promise him that
I'd tell you. I couldn't tell him I
wouldn't without—"
"Without what?" asked the girl,
tightly, her hands still covering her
face.
"Without—without hurting his feel-
ings."
"I hate Mr. Bannister!" said the
girl, explosively.
"Well," said the young man in a
philosophical tone, "you've got a right
to if you want to. Petie will have to
stand it, that's all. But you do not
hate me, do you?"
"Yes," replied the girl. "Still, per-
haps, you did it out of friendship.
But Mr. Bannister—if you cared for a
girl would you ask somebody else to
tell her? Wouldn't you tell her your-
self?"
The young man hesitated. "There
might be circumstances," he said, "but
I wouldn't want anybody else to, any-
way."
"Are—are you going to ask that girl
you were speaking of? Or have you
already?"
"I haven't yet," replied the young
man. "I'm going to, though. I don't
know what luck I'll have, but I'll
chance it now. I mean—"
"Let's go in now," said the girl.
"I'm mighty sorry for Petie," said
the young man, as they left the ver-
anda. But he did not look sorry at all.
—Chicago Daily News.

Concentration of Thought.
Wilkinson had written but six lines
of his essay on "Concentration of
Thought" when a dog began to howl.
Wilkinson didn't know what dog it
was that howled. I wasn't easy to
specify dogs in the Wendover. The
Wendover sheltered 22 families, each of
which owned a dog, and none but an
expert could differentiate the various
canine war cries.
But whatever dog it was, he had
practiced in howling. His voice was
well trained and not likely to give out
soon. He began on a kind of dog pi-
anissimo, which to the human ear is
fretful; then, with expressive
crescendo and staccato movements, the
volume of tone swelled rapidly till
the Wendover airshaft and the ad-
joining rooms were alive with barks
and yells.
Wilkinson tried to reason away the
revelry of sound by Christian Science
methods. He fixed his eyes on space,
as represented by the window curtains,
and said, with grave emphasis:
"There is no dog." Another frantic
howl, following close upon this asser-
tion, made Wilkinson's major pre-
mise seem rather shaky.
"The dog does not howl," he amend-
ed, "consequently I cannot hear the
dog howl."
Another series of yelps convinced
him that even this concession was so-
phism.
"The dog does howl," he said, "and
infernally loud, too, and I'm going to
stop 'im!"
Wilkinson darted out of his own
apartment and went first to the apart-
ment above.
"Is that your dog making all that
racket?" he demanded of the white-
aproned maid.
The maid was properly indignant.
"Of course not," she said. "E's asleep
in 'is basket. 'E ain't opened 'is 'ead
to-day, except to eat, an' then 'e didn't
make no noise about 'it—not arf so
much noise as some folks makes 'en
they goes about pryin' into other peo-
ple's business."
Wilkinson made his next inquiry at
the door of the apartment beneath his
own. The maid said the dog was
not theirs. Their dog was likewise
asleep in his basket. Wilkinson next
directed his steps to the fourth floor.
"Their dog's a bull that weighs 100
pounds if he weighs anything," he re-
flected, "and I'll bet five dollars he
ain't asleep in his basket."
But he was, "La, no," said the maid,
"taipt Billy 'is makin' all that fuss."
"I suppose," said Wilkinson, with
fine sarcasm, "that he is asleep in his
basket."
"He sure is," said the maid, and
she shut the door in Wilkinson's face.
Wilkinson didn't dodge about much
after that. He visited the remaining
20 apartments in regular order and in
response to his 20 inquiries he learned
that the 20 dogs were asleep in their
baskets. By and by he went back to
his own apartment to meditate.
"Twenty-four dogs asleep in their
baskets," he mused. "Dogs of high de-
gree and low degree; dogs big and lit-
tle; dogs young and old; dogs white
black, buff and brindle, all asleep in
their baskets. They must be doped to
sleep through all this racket. And
one of 'em's got nightmare. I wonder
which it is?"
Wilkinson picked up his six lines
on "Concentration of Thought."
Through the door he heard a jumble
of tones thrown out by the mouthful,
now with the sonorous effect of a drum
now with the shrill cadence of the
flute. Presently he heard something
else. The janitor was ringing the bell
and demanding admittance.
"Say, said the autocrat of the Wend-
over, 'where's that dog?'"
"Search me," said Wilkinson.
"Well," said the janitor, "I will
search you. The rest of the folks say
they can't stand this hullabaloo any
longer, an' if you can't give 'im any
thing to make 'im dry up, 'w'y you've
got to choke 'im, that's all."
"Choke who?" gasped Wilkinson.
"W'y your dog."
"My dog?" said Wilkinson. "My
dog is asleep in his basket."
He smiled faintly at this trite re-
joinder, but he knew it was the truth
and he had to let it stand. The jan-
itor, however, had his doubts.
"Just show me the basket," he said.
"Somebody's got to be done. I've seen
all the rest of the dogs. They're all
right. Now, trot yours out!"
Instead of trotting the dog out, Mr.
Wilkinson trotted the janitor in. He
led the way back to the storeroom
near the airshaft with the air of a con-
queror.
"Behold," he said, and opened the
door.
But he said no more, for as the door
swung on its hinges a streak of yel-
low darted down from a perch beside
the airshaft window and rushed be-
tween Wilkinson's feet and against the
janitor's legs with such force that
both men toppled over against the
wall.
"Asleep in 'is basket," was "e?"
scolded the janitor.
Wilkinson was very humble. "I beg
your pardon," he said, "and the par-
don of all my neighbors. I was so
busy writing an essay that I forgot
that my wife and the maid had both
gone out this evening and left the
dog here by myself. I've been trying
for the last half hour to locate that
dog."
"Well," said the janitor, "you've lo-
cated 'im."—N. Y. Press.

Long Holiday.
Mr. Subbubs—Great heavens! Lucy
Mary Ann tried to start the fire with
gun-cotton, and she has been blown out
through the roof!
Mrs. Subbubs—Never mind; it's her
day out, anyway.—Chicago Journal.

Concentration of Thought.
Wilkinson had written but six lines
of his essay on "Concentration of
Thought" when a dog began to howl.
Wilkinson didn't know what dog it
was that howled. I wasn't easy to
specify dogs in the Wendover. The
Wendover sheltered 22 families, each of
which owned a dog, and none but an
expert could differentiate the various
canine war cries.
But whatever dog it was, he had
practiced in howling. His voice was
well trained and not likely to give out
soon. He began on a kind of dog pi-
anissimo, which to the human ear is
fretful; then, with expressive
crescendo and staccato movements, the
volume of tone swelled rapidly till
the Wendover airshaft and the ad-
joining rooms were alive with barks
and yells.
Wilkinson tried to reason away the
revelry of sound by Christian Science
methods. He fixed his eyes on space,
as represented by the window curtains,
and said, with grave emphasis:
"There is no dog." Another frantic
howl, following close upon this asser-
tion, made Wilkinson's major pre-
mise seem rather shaky.
"The dog does not howl," he amend-
ed, "consequently I cannot hear the
dog howl."
Another series of yelps convinced
him that even this concession was so-
phism.
"The dog does howl," he said, "and
infernally loud, too, and I'm going to
stop 'im!"
Wilkinson darted out of his own
apartment and went first to the apart-
ment above.
"Is that your dog making all that
racket?" he demanded of the white-
aproned maid.
The maid was properly indignant.
"Of course not," she said. "E's asleep
in 'is basket. 'E ain't opened 'is 'ead
to-day, except to eat, an' then 'e didn't
make no noise about 'it—not arf so
much noise as some folks makes 'en
they goes about pryin' into other peo-
ple's business."
Wilkinson made his next inquiry at
the door of the apartment beneath his
own. The maid said the dog was
not theirs. Their dog was likewise
asleep in his basket. Wilkinson next
directed his steps to the fourth floor.
"Their dog's a bull that weighs 100
pounds if he weighs anything," he re-
flected, "and I'll bet five dollars he
ain't asleep in his basket."
But he was, "La, no," said the maid,
"taipt Billy 'is makin' all that fuss."
"I suppose," said Wilkinson, with
fine sarcasm, "that he is asleep in his
basket."
"He sure is," said the maid, and
she shut the door in Wilkinson's face.
Wilkinson didn't dodge about much
after that. He visited the remaining
20 apartments in regular order and in
response to his 20 inquiries he learned
that the 20 dogs were asleep in their
baskets. By and by he went back to
his own apartment to meditate.
"Twenty-four dogs asleep in their
baskets," he mused. "Dogs of high de-
gree and low degree; dogs big and lit-
tle; dogs young and old; dogs white
black, buff and brindle, all asleep in
their baskets. They must be doped to
sleep through all this racket. And
one of 'em's got nightmare. I wonder
which it is?"
Wilkinson picked up his six lines
on "Concentration of Thought."
Through the door he heard a jumble
of tones thrown out by the mouthful,
now with the sonorous effect of a drum
now with the shrill cadence of the
flute. Presently he heard something
else. The janitor was ringing the bell
and demanding admittance.
"Say, said the autocrat of the Wend-
over, 'where's that dog?'"
"Search me," said Wilkinson.
"Well," said the janitor, "I will
search you

Boston & Maine R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

In Effect June 4, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—7.20, 9.15, 11.00, 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 p. m. Sunday 7.20, 9.15, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 p. m.

For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 7.35, 9.55, 11.25 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For North Conway—10.00 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—7.45, 9.45, 10.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, 9.45, 10.00, 10.00 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 7.30, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.38, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.45 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.20, 7.20, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.20, 2.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.25, 6.00, 8.00 p. m. Sunday 1.20, 2.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, 8.00 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, 1.53, 2.52, 6.21, 8.17 p. m. Sunday 5.18, 6.06, 8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.12 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.11 p. m. Sunday 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 8.15, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 3.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday 4.30, 4.42 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.55, 8.30, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 8.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.50, 6.16, 7.24 p. m. Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.02, 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m. Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.03, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.26, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday 6.21, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Eppling—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.50 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Eppling—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

* Via Dover and Western Division
|| North Hampton only.
Information Given, Through Ticket Agents and Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.
Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1905.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.30 a. m., 7.50 a. m., and 10.05 p. m.

For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.35 a. m., and hourly until 8.05 p. m.

Leave Cable Road at 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sur days.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes Christian Street Loop.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Last cars at night run to car bar only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, 11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 5.58 a. m., 10.58, 11.5 a. m., 2.25 p. m., 5.05 and 6.2 p. m. trains from Boston.

Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6. a. m.

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 and 1.55 p. m.

Sundays.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 and 1.55 p. m.

All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Bear's Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

*Omitted Sundays and Holidays.

*Make close connections for Portsmouth.

|| Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Ticket Agent and Ticket Agent WINSLOW T. FERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leave Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 7.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 10.00 a. m.; 12.06 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PERRY GARST, Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD, Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G. LONDRES

10 Cent Cigar

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH, MANUFACTURER

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

Main Line.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Elliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m. and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m. and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 5.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Elliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m. and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m. and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.10, 6.30, 7.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Elliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. C. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—41-2, Portsmouth.

Never say anything in your advertising which you cannot prove or back up. People will soon learn whether your advertising statements how quickly the public discovers insincerity in advertising.

Decorations for Weddings

Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

CAFESTICK'S, ROGERS STREET

BUY THE BEST

Lime and Cement

500 Barrels Atlas Portland Cement

500 Rosendale

500 Best Quality Extra Wood

Barrel Lump Lime, For Sale By

JOHN E. BROUGHTON,

68 DANIEL ST.

Cemetery Lots

Card For and Turning Done.

M. J. CRAFTIN

The Politician's Namesake

By ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG

(Copyright, 1906, by Arthur H. Vandenberg)

There comes a time in the career of every autocrat when his power wanes and his supremacy crumbles in defeat. The career of Dan Crimmins, Boss, was no exception.

The politicians said that Dan carried the Fifth ward in his vest pocket. The politicians said that Dan asked an exorbitant price for the Fifth ward, but they were always on the anxious seat until "arrangements were completed" for Dan's influence. Many a time the knowing ones had tried to win in the Fifth without the Boss.

Their measures proved to engender a strange and fatal unpopularity among the people.

The politicians were sure to carry the city if Dan was with them, because Dan swung the Fifth ward, and the Fifth decided the result. They were equally sure to lose if Dan was against them.

The politicians said Dan was dishonest. "I'm straight as a string," answered the Boss. "When I'm honest, I stay honest. Honesty is the best policy—sometimes. It's more satisfactory to beat a man at his own game, and in politics that don't mean honesty. I never dickered with the tally sheets yet, and I never intend to—not while I live to look my son in the face."

Dan met his Waterloo in the Clay-Sullivan mayoralty contest. Sullivan was notoriously crooked. Clay was as notoriously straight. Sullivan had served one term as mayor, and had narrowly escaped indictment by the grand jury on charges of bribery and conspiracy growing out of a water scandal. Now he was out for another term, "for vindication," as he called it. Clay was a fusion candidate, and carried several wards solidly at his back.

Dan acted with unusual care in taking sides in the contest, because his son had returned and was associated with him. The politician's namesake was his only son, and the boy was the pride of his father's heart. Dan would have bartered every cent of his somewhat shady gains before he would have allowed the boy to fathom the inside story of his political career. Inscrutable destiny made him give up his supremacy in the Fifth ward to maintain the respect of his namesake.

Some one asked him whether the boy inherited his father's political genius.

"Dan's never going to put his finger in the game, gentlemen," replied the Boss, earnestly. "He's too honest. I can't even control his vote myself. No, siree, the boy's going to grow up in another ward besides the Fifth."

Sullivan called on Crimmins the day after he landed the nomination. He came on business, and little time was wasted over preliminaries. Dan knew Sullivan would be sorely pressed without the Fifth, so the price was up.

"My dear alderman," said the nominee, with a great affectation of dignity, "now doubtless you know that I have been renominated for mayor on the strength of my recent very able administration and that I am asking before the people to ask for another term. I—ah—shall—ah—ahem, want my good Fifth ward friends to be with me again, Mr. Crimmins, and as—ah—a token of my—ah—esteem—yes, let us call it esteem—I am of course, ready and anxious to do anything that is right." He took a long black wallet from his pocket and gently tapped the palm of his hand.

"Well," returned Dan, gazing at the patterns in the wall paper with a bored and uninterested expression.

"No—ah—what should you say—ah—to—ah—well—ah—I want you to distinctly understand, Mr. Crimmins, that I do not countenance vote buying."

Dan nodded his head, as a broad, sarcastic smile played about his large, good-natured mouth.

"Well—ah—would—ah—ahem, \$3,000 secure the ward, Mr. Crimmins?" Sullivan nervously opened and shut the wallet, playing with the visible ends of the bank notes. Crimmins slowly blew a great ring of smoke into the air.

"My dear Mayor Sullivan," he said, leaning over on his desk and talking directly into the face of his aspiring client. "You can't be elected in this city without a good, clean majority in every precinct in the Fifth ward. Isn't that a fact?" Sullivan nervously beat the fingers of his right hand against the knuckles of his left. "The people know you bought the upper chamber and railroaded through the water franchise. They know you are right now, on the pay rolls of three big corporations doing business with the city. And, furthermore, I know it. And, better still, you know it. Now, if I am to swallow all this I've got to make peace with my conscience, and it can't be done for any \$3,000. I've got you good a conscience, but business is business. Those four precincts in the Fifth ward are worth \$1,500 apiece, and my personal services in the present instance inventory at \$1,500 more. The mayor's salary is worth just \$2,000 a year to you, my dear Mr. Sullivan. The mayor's job is worth \$50,000 more, thanks to your very judicious business management. The price of the Fifth ward is \$6,000, Mr. Sullivan. It's cheap to you at double that figure."

Sullivan was about to demur, and was putting his wallet back in his pocket.

"As a matter of fact," Dan carelessly suggested, "I presume that the

ward is more valuable to Clay than it is to you, anyway, and I guess—"

"Oh, the price—presently, I should say—is quite satisfactory," Sullivan hastened to interpose. "And as to terms—"

"Cash in advance. It'll cost me just as much if we lose the ward as if we carry it, because I'll do my best anyway. Cash in advance, my dear Mr. Sullivan."

The nominee weighed his wallet in his right hand and went through a mental calculation. Then he returned the roll of bills to his pocket and, reaching for a pen, drew a check with a flourish.

Clay, the opposing candidate, was in the office within 24 hours. He found some difficulty in broaching the subject of his visit, and nervously polished the nap of his silk hat upon the sleeve of his coat as he waited for Dan to receive him.

He went away somewhat dazed. He told his incredulous advisers that Crimmins had been deeply shocked at the suggestion of money, and that he thought he might have secured his support if he had not tacked on the substantial consideration.

Then began the battle royal. Sullivan was completely lost sight of. The question really at stake was simply the problem of whether Crimmins owned the Fifth ward. Clay went in with an open and avowed determination to clean up Dan once and for all. And for the first time in his career Dan was actually nervous.

For a week before election day the Fifth ward enjoyed one prolonged holiday. Everybody celebrated, while Clay and Crimmins were footling the bills. Votes were at a premium, and the voters knew it.

Then came the finish. As chairman of the ward committee, Dan had named the election inspectors and, contrary to his usual custom, he placed himself at the head of the list. "It's best to be on the inside," he said, when Sullivan questioned the advisability of his action. "Can't tell how many votes you may need 'bout midnight, when the count is on."

The count promised to be tedious because the task was a mammoth one, but Dan and his inspectors drew it out at a slow rate. One by one the hangers-on tired of watching the routine and left the polls. Vote after vote showed the tell-tale cross over the Clay ticket, and the outlook was ominous for Sullivan. Dan was nervous, and in an undertone admonished the inspectors to drag the count out. Clay stayed in the Fifth with Dan and the inspectors till midnight, when he seemed to have a majority of 100, with three-fourths of the vote counted.

"Well, I guess I've got the job," he shouted at Dan as he left the polls.

Dan was unusually sober. He chewed the ends of his mustache in a deeply meditative mood as the inspectors called off the votes against his man. Sullivan was furious. He paced up and down in front of the temporary wooden railing like a caged animal.

"If I lose this ward I'm a goner, sure," he cried. "What if you suppose I paid you \$5,000 for it? Just to sprinkle 'round 'mong your friends? I ain't dealin' in any such business."

At the inspector's table, where he was assisting in the canvass, young Dan raised his head in surprise at the mention of the price which Sullivan had so openly suggested in connection with his father.

He threw down the stubby pencil with which he was registering the tally, and thrusting his hands deep in his trousers' pocket, he strode over to Sullivan.

"If you've got any more to say about that \$5,000," he said, slowly, throwing the words squarely into the face of the nominee, "just come outside and say 'em to me. I ain't used to hearin' th' governor mentioned in any such language, an' I don't propose to start any innovations this campaign."

At midnight the count was finished. The Fifth had turned a small majority for Clay. The inspectors drew back from the long tables in evident relief as the tally sheets were signed. Dan took a long preliminary whirl with the pen as he started to sign the report which officially turned the ward against him for the first time, and irretrievably ended his regime as Boss. The thought occurred to him of the ease with which the result might be changed and the many times it had been accomplished. Then he caught young Dan's eye, and, quickly dipping the pen in the spatic ink well, scribbled off his name at the foot of the register.

Just as the lights were being turned out Sullivan rushed into the place. "I need just three votes," he cried, in frenzied excitement.

MINIATURE ALMANAC JUNE 9.

SUN RISES 4:57 MOON RISES. 10:47 P. M.
SUN SETS 7:52 FULL MOON. 10:45 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 15:22

Last Quarter, June 12th, 2h. 34m., evening, W.
New Moon, June 21st, 6h. 46m., evening, W.
First Quarter, June 26th, 2h. 19m., morning, E.
Full Moon, July 1st, 11h. 22m., evening, E.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

Eighty-eight degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

LOCAL DASHES

Hawthorn day.
Tomorrow is Trinity Sunday.
The first circus comes next week.
Everybody is busy at the Summer resorts.
Don't forget that next Thursday is Flag day.
Many vessels were held in the harbor by the storm.
Friday morning's rain was something of a surprise.
Children's Sunday at several of the churches tomorrow.
It looks as if June might break some rainfall records.
Local secret societies certainly have the moving fever.
We have had rain enough to satisfy all demands for a time.
The Porter statue committee has its work cut out for it.
Two train loads of coal were sent to Manchester on Friday.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mot, 34 Congress street.
The heavy rains have "lodged" the thick grass in many places.
The regular P. H. S. nine plays the alumni at The Plains today.
The seeds in the ground have suffered because of too much rain.
The second strawberry festival of the season has been announced.
The Shubert case is one that has long engaged more or less attention.
Portsmouth people have been deeply interested in the fate of Tucker.
Kittery vs. Rochester on Kittery Field this afternoon should draw many.
The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs attend services at Christ Church tomorrow.
FOR SALE—Good gas range for sale cheap. W. T. Lucas, 14 Penhallow street.
The Rockingham is gaining in popularity as a place for school and college banquets.
Portsmouth has been reasonably well treated in the matter of naval appropriations.
The City Improvement Society's "triangle" on Jenkins avenue is a tasteful piece of work.
Are you going to see the High school nine play today in the last game of the season?
Next year, Portsmouth will probably take notice when brown-tail moth warnings are issued.
Don't abuse the word "bargain" if you wish the public to have confidence in your advertisements.
Last evening the annual commencement exercises of Hampton Academy were held in the town hall.
St. John's Lodge of Masons initiated three entered apprentices at a special meeting on Friday evening.
The annual Phillips Exeter-Phillips Andover baseball game is being played at Andover today (Saturday).
Residents of Richards avenue report that the brown-tail moth plague has assumed almost appalling proportions.
Dartmouth's commencement exercises will open on Saturday, June 23 and continue until the following Wednesday.
The decision of Governor Guild in the Tucker case was expected by most people in this city, despite the agitation in the yellow journals.
According to the announcement of Committeeman Locke, Cupid isn't going to be allowed a foothold in Portsmouth's public schools hereafter.
The condemnation of the present location of the city dump by President George A. Wood of the City Improvement Society is generally shared by our citizens.
A list of Portsmouth's beauty spots would not include the present city dump, or even Langdon Park, into which a large quantity of the refuse is blown almost daily.
McDuffee, Dartmouth's ineligible pitcher, in the box for the Freshmen team the other day, lost to the Sophomores and allowed six hits. McDuffee proved too much for the Portsmouth team last year.

WORKMEN BURNED

Caught Inside a Furnace Filled With Flame

William Ryan, boilermaker in the steam engineering department at the navy yard, was badly burned on Friday afternoon while at work in the furnace of one of the boilers of the collier Hannibal.

Ryan was working with a new device known as a Buckeye kerosene heating torch and the apparatus failed to work as usual. He was trying to properly adjust it, when it suddenly took fire and the oil blazed up, filling the firebox with flame. He fought the flames as well as he could. By keeping his hat before his face, Ryan stopped the flames from burning it. His hands were badly burned, as were his legs and back of his head.

With his clothing blazing he crawled out of the furnace door and the workmen extinguished the flames.

He was taken to the hospital and after medical attendance there he was sent to his home in this city.

Ryan is an expert mechanic and a man who has the confidence of the department officials where he works. All of whom hope that he will soon recover.

NEW SIDETRACK

The Boston and Maine railroad is putting a side track 500 feet long for passenger cars in the old freight yard near the local station.

HEAVY FRUIT CROP

The Herald is informed by a well known Rye farmer that the fruit crop will be large this year, if it escaped damage by the recent electrical storms.

SCHOONER FOULED BARGE

The three-masted schooner F. C. Pendleton, Capt. E. Hutchinson, bound from Salem, Mass., to Stonington, Me., while leaving the lower harbor this (Saturday) morning fouled the barge Kimberton and had her headgear slightly damaged. The barge was uninjured.

MALVERN HILL

Statistics of Great Battle Fought on July 1, 1762

Much has lately been written of the battle of Malvern Hill, because on the anniversary of that engagement the Fitz John Porter statue must be dedicated.

Mesbach B. Bell of this city, who fought with the Union forces there, gives The Herald some statistics regarding the battle. It was fought on July 1, 1862, and was the last of a series of engagements before Richmond, covering a period of seven days. It lasted two hours and was a Union victory. The total Union loss in the seven days of almost constant fighting was 15,224. The killed numbered 1,565, the wounded 7,701 and the missing 5,958.

PERSONALS

Miss Irma F. Wells is passing the day in Boston.

Dr. Elmo Evans of Richmond, Virginia, is visiting in town for a few days.

Alphonse Cluett has taken a position as clerk at the Kearsarge House.

Mrs. Arthur W. Walker has returned from a visit to her mother in Eyria, O.

Lawyer Guy E. Corey has been confined to his home since Tuesday with the grip.

Capt. George N. Julian and J. Warren Tilton of Exeter were Portsmouth visitors on Friday.

Manager and Mrs. Knapp of The Rockingham are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter in the family.

Rear Admiral Joseph M. Miller, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Miller of New York have arrived in Portsmouth to pass the Summer as usual at the house of Mrs. George H. Joy on Middle street.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Bartlett of Middle street started on Friday on a trip westward and expect to be absent two months. They will among other places visit Niagara Falls, run the St. Lawrence Rapids, visit Canada and return home via the White Mountains.

Percy Lamprey, a native of this city, now general freight and traffic manager of the Chicago, Toledo and Ironton railroad, with headquarters at Toledo, is visiting here. Mr. Lamprey travels in a private car which has now been in the railroad yard for a week.

HOPE NOT GONE

Another Effort To Be Made For Tucker

MASS MEETING PLANNED IN FANEUIL HALL

Condemned Man's Counsel Not Concerned In The Movement

FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL PARKER SAYS THE LAW IS SUPREME

Boston, June 9.—A mass meeting will be held in Faneuil Hall tonight for the purpose of making another public appeal to Gov. Guild to save Tucker's life. One of the promoters of the meeting is quoted as saying that if the Governor declines to heed their request an appeal will be sent to President Roosevelt.

James H. Vahey, senior counsel for Tucker, stated Friday night that neither he nor any member of the law firm of which he is the head had given sanction to the mass meeting it is proposed to hold in Faneuil Hall tonight.

Mr. Vahey visited Tucker at the state prison Friday night, returning to his office about ten o'clock. Referring to the prisoner Mr. Vahey said:

"His courage is still wonderful. He is bearing up with remarkable fortitude. The stories that he had broken down under the strain are false. He is still the same cool, courageous boy, determined to conceal the fear that must be creeping over him, though it be almost his last minute."

"He believes even now, with the eleventh hour passing over him, that something will arise out of the darkness and spare his life. I assured him that all will be done that human power can do."

It is suggested that the next move on the part of Tucker's attorneys might be an application for writ of habeas corpus. Such a writ would have the effect of a reprieve while disputed points of law were being passed upon by the courts.

Law Supreme, Says Parker
Worcester, Mass., June 8.—Former Attorney General Parker, prosecuting officer in the Tucker trial, said on Friday:

"In obedience to the omnipotent and just law of the commonwealth, her chief executive has made that decision which was inevitable. Mindful of his constitutional duty, no other result was possible."

"A reckless and unreasoning attempt to subvert a government of law has been sternly rebuked and reprimanded. Those who have vainly thought, those who have feared, that passion, excitement of falsehood could overwhelm the constituted authority of the state have had grave warning, which they can never forget, and they have received solemn assurance that against all assaults or appeals, the constitution and the law of the commonwealth are supreme."

BAIRD NOT GUILTY

George Baird, charged with manslaughter, whose trial has just been concluded at Plymouth, was pronounced not guilty by the jury on Friday. But ten minutes was required to reach a decision. Baird was accused of killing Sam Howe at Haverhill, this state, on Jan. 12.

Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, died thirty-six years ago today.

BREAK IN SOMERSWORTH

Burglars Active In The Stratford County City

Early this (Saturday) morning, the police were notified by the police of Somersworth that a break had occurred in that city Friday night.

A police officer discovered burglars at work in a clothing store and going around to the rear prepared to capture them or give them battle. As he came in sight, the burglars made a rush for the front plate glass window, smashing it with a hammer and getting out onto the main street. They made good their escape. Later, a horse and wagon they had stolen was found by the officers, who also discovered that they had entered a liquor store.

The work is believed to have been done by the same gang which last week made some breaks at South Berwick.

DEATH OF FRED C. JONES

Passing of Prominent Railroad Man After Long Illness

News has been received from Concord of the death there Friday morning of Fred C. Jones, one of the best known of New Hampshire railroad men. His illness had covered a period of more than a year and he had been in a sanitarium much of the time.

Mr. Jones was for years conductor of the Cannon Ball train, running between Concord and Boston. He was a native of Concord and was born on June 15, 1855. His parents were James Madison Jones and Jane (Swain) Jones. He is survived by two daughters, Misses Winifred May and Edith Belle Jones, and by one sister, Mrs. Jennie H. Wright, wife of George B. Wright of Concord.

No man more highly esteemed ever served the Concord and Montreal or the Boston and Maine railroads. He began his career with the former corporation as a clerk in his father's office, then station agent at Concord. He later took a position as train baggage master and became a spare conductor in 1878. The only political position he ever held was that of representative in the Legislature of 1904 from Ward Six, Concord.

Mr. Jones held high Masonic rank, being a member of Blazing Star Lodge, Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council and Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar, of Concord.

SOCIALLY IMPORTANT WEDDING

A socially important but very quiet wedding on Saturday, June 16, will be that of Miss Ruth Gibson and Lieut. William Theodore Tarrant, U. S. N., whose engagement was recently announced. They will be married in St. Bartholomew's Church, Washington. Miss Gibson is one of the four attractive daughters of Rear Admiral William C. Gibson, U. S. N., retired. One of her sisters, Miss Anita Gibson, is now Mrs. Richard Butler Glaesner, of 71 East Eighty-seventh street. Lieut. Tarrant is attached to the U. S. S. Charleston.

The prospective bride is favorably known in this city.

I. O. O. F.

Sunday Services At Christ Church

Brothers of Canton Senter, Strawberry Bank Encampment, Piscataqua New Hampshire and Osgood Lodges, Rebekahs of Union and Fannie Gardner Lodges, report at Hall at 6.45 p. m. Sunday.

All sojourning Odd Fellows and Rebekahs cordially invited. By order of "General Committee."

JOHN H. YEATON, Chairman.
GEO. W. HALL, Secretary.

Has it cleared up at last?

THE IDLE OBSERVER

In the death of Israel Putnam Miller, I feel a keen sense of personal loss. I enjoyed his intimate acquaintance and no man of gentler, more kindly spirit ever lived. He was one of Nature's noblemen, one loved by all who knew him. "Dick" Miller, as we of the newspaper fraternity, and others, too, I believe, affectionately called him, has left a void that cannot be filled. His pleasant pen and his charming presence will be missed more than I can say.

We should not permit Sept. 5 to go by without some sort of fitting observance. Certainly, the anniversary of an event of such world-wide importance as the signing of a treaty of peace between two great empires should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. If Sept. 5 is not made a state holiday, it behooves Portsmouth to make it a local one.

The form of observance is, perhaps a matter of less importance. There might be a parade, a few speeches, band concerts and a program of sporting events. It is not improbable that the navy department might consent to loan us a warship or two. In that event, the sailors would, of course, march in the parade. Any way, the fort soldiers and the navy yard marines would be available to give to the exercises of the day something of a martial air.

Naturally, arranging for such an observance would be the duty of the city council. If, however, that body does not care to take the initiative, the board of trade or the Merchant's Exchange might, either independently or jointly, take the matter in hand. By all means, let us celebrate on Sept. 5. Our sister cities will be justified in calling Portsmouth slow if we do not.

Either the soil or the atmosphere of Portsmouth seems to be favorable to the production of poets. A great many writers of verse have gone out from this city, some of them of unusual talent and a few have taken places among the nation's greatest.

A friend of The Herald has brought me the following probably fairly complete list of the bards of Portsmouth: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Adelaide E. M. Parker, Ann M. Payson, Edward A. Rand, Johnathan M. Sewell, B. P. Shillaber, Louisa Simes, Eliza O. Shores, William B. Toppin, James P. Walker, Caroline E. Whitton-Stone, Julia Van Ness Whipple, S. Adams Wiggin, Albert Loughton, Charles Burroughs, D. D. Michael, W. Beck, Esther W. Barnes, Sarah Roberts Boyle, Charles W. Brewster, Mary Curtis, Samuel M. Demeritt, Daniel E. Brown, James T. Fields, Woodbury M. Fernald, Sarah H. Foster, Fannie E. Foster, Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D., Nathaniel Appleton Haven, Caroline Elizabeth Jenness, Harriet McEwen Kimball, James Kenwood Jones, Benjamin D. Leighton, Mary E. B. Miller, Thomas P. Moser, John N. Moses, James R. May, Catherine M. McClintock, Edward P. Nowell, Mrs. C. E. R. Parker.

The most famous writer native or at any time resident of this vicinity is, of course, Aldrich. Next to him, at the present day, at least, is George S. Wasson of Kittery Point. Hampton has a writer, Richard Barker Shelton, who is making a place for himself in the magazines. Perhaps Kittery may feel that it has a claim to William Dean Howells, now that the celebrated author and editor passes so much time every year at his Summer home there. York is proud of its Summer literary colony, but has no claim on any of the authors who visit that resort during the heated term.

Mr. Wasson, referred to in the preceding paragraph, has a fine short story, "The Role," in the June number of The Atlantic Monthly, perhaps the most exclusive of American magazines. A Portsmouth writer, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, is represented in the May number of The Home Magazine, formerly Madame, by an article, "The Fight for Pure Food."

Portsmouth people liked Walter L. Main's circus when it was here three years ago. It is coming again this year, combined with what I am told is a first class Wild West show. Mr. Main always gave a clean, interesting and varied performance and he promises us better things than ever before this season.

NOTICE

Sam Lee, who for thirty years has conducted a laundry in this city, will occupy the store vacated by George W. Lord, 44 Congress street, where he will give strict attention to the wants of his old customers and to all new patrons.

Give Me Some Thin Underwear



We're hearing this cry constantly these days and we never fail to respond to the call at once. Our lines of Breezy Underwear are very comfortable. We've the Balbriggan, Lisle, Gauze, Linen, Mesh, etc.

50c to \$2.00 Per Garment.

It's our variety of Underwear materials and our unusual range of sizes, coupled to our reasonable prices, that bring us such a large Underwear business.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.,
CLOTHES AND TOGGERY.

RYAN'S WINE STORE

18 Penhallow Street, Telephone 137-2

LOOK AT THE SPECIAL PRICE LIST

Whiskies

G. O. Blake	85c
Duffy's Malt	95c
Mountain Spring	75c
Rockingham	75c
Silver Brook	75c
Golden Crown	75c
Monogram	75c
Woodford County	\$1.00
Monongahela	1.00
Red and White	1.00
Hunter	1.25
Wilson	1.25

Brandies, Wines, Etc.

Imported French Brandy	\$1.25
Caldwell's Newburyport Rum	75c
Sherry Wine	75c
Port	75c
Booth's Old Tom Gin	\$1.00

Jones Ale, Eldredge's Lager
Portsmouth Brewing Co. Lager
and Stock Ales, Bottled and Draught

23

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it.

STATE UNITARIANS

Elect Officers at the Meeting Held at Andover

The following officers were elected on Friday by the New Hampshire Unitarian Association in session at Andover:

President, Clarence E. Carr, Andover;
Vice Presidents—William F. Knight of Iaconia, James O. Lyford of Concord, George H. Eames of Keene;

General Secretary, Rev. Henry C. McDougall, Franklin;
Recording Secretary, Rev. Edward Green, Exeter;
Treasurer, Dr. John W. Staples, Franklin;

Directors—Gen. Thomas N. Hastings of Walpole, Rev. R. E. Mott of Nashua, Rev. G. E. Hathaway of Manchester, Rev. Ward R. Clarke of Dover, John F. Kimball of Wilton, Fred B. Leavitt of Lebanon.
The principal address of the day was delivered by Rev. Samuel Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association.

NOT MAN WANTED

Fellow Brought From Connecticut to Concord Released From Custody

Frank Whitman, the man who was brought to Concord from Brooklyn, Conn., early in the week, supposed to be Charles E. Witham, the much wanted Epsom man, has been released from custody and returned to his home in Seitate, Conn., says a dispatch from the state capital.

It has been told how Whitman was brought to Concord from Connecticut Wednesday morning, the man all the time protesting that he was never in New Hampshire before and knew nothing of the Epsom assault. He told a straight story and Sheriff Kimball never thought he was the man wanted. Deputy Sheriff Tilton of Northwood, however, was summoned and he failed to identify Whitman as Witham. Then other Epsom people called over at the jail and they all declared that he was not the man wanted.

Whitman went back home Friday morning, thanking the Merrimack county officers for the courteous manner in which he had been treated while in custody.

Life Insurance Free

In case the insured becomes totally disabled from disease or accident, after the payment of one year's premium.

NO LARGER PREMIUM REQUIRED for a contract of this kind than charged by other Companies, who omit this valuable feature.

TRAVELERS ALONE issues this contract which will be embodied into Life or Endowment Policies.

20% MORTUARY DIVIDEND is guaranteed. The question is asked why pay the same premium with other Companies and obtain so much less? The Travelers Insurance Co. is one of the best Companies in the world.

C. E. TRAFTON,
District Agent, - - Portsmouth, N. H.

THOMAS E. CALL & SON

DEALER IN

Eastern and Western

LUMBER

Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets Etc for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, - - Portsmouth, N. H.

35 FIRES

Last week with a loss of over \$10,000 each.

Total \$2,751,000.

HARRY M. TUCKER,

Insurance Agent.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON

Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY
NO. 118 MARKET ST

FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Newark, N. J.

Organized 1855

Assets \$3,320,722

Isley & George, Agents

King Among Pianos

That Is the Title One Might Rightfully Confer Upon

CHICKERINGS.

In strength of construction, breadth and beauty of tone, delicacy and strength of action, musical orchestral powers and beauty of case, Chickering Pianos, leave absolutely nothing to be desired. They have taken more first medals and awards than any other piano in the world; they are the proven BEST of all good pianos. Catalogues free on request.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office
(Business Established 1865.)